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minerals you will
need. This plan
from our friends
means you have
a wide search for
the kind that will
return the youthful
feeling you
want to keep. "Well,
stop right now,"
I said at the ascer-
taining opportunity.
And out this remark-
able office.



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Battle Cry



VOLUME 1, NUMBER 29

STANLEY P. MORSE, MICHAEL MORSE, Publishers

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BATTLE CRY, Vol. 1, No. 29, April 1957. Is published bi-monthly by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry of Danvers, N. J. Single copy 35¢; subscription rates \$4.20 for 12 issues. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Copyright 1957 by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC. Title registration applied for U.S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A.

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I Fought the Americans at MIDWAY

In every great battle there is a loser as well as a winner. This is the story of a great conflict at sea, as it appeared to the eyes of a Japanese participant!

by Lt. Commander Sesu Mitoya

formerly of the Imperial Japanese Navy

WHEN first I heard of the planned attack on Midway, I was delighted. Like most Japanese naval officers in early 1942, I was sure of Japan's coming victory over the United States. This operation promised good opportunities to win glory for Dai Nippon, and perhaps a promotion.

I was Communications Officer on the proud Aircraft Carrier *Kaga*. Then a Lieutenant Commander, I served under the command of Captain Jisaku Okada. One of my best friends, Lieutenant Commander Tadashi Musumi, was commander of all the gun crews on board our big CV (aircraft carrier). It was one of the finest ships in the fleet—a happy ship with a fine, tightly knit complement of crewmen and airmen.

Early in April, planning for the invasion of Midway began. This was to be Japan's longest strike eastward, far across the Pacific, almost to the Hawaiian Islands. Its purpose was to seize a distant outpost, beyond which the American fleet could be held. This would cut off American communications with Australia. More important, it aimed to draw out the American fleet, and force it to give battle. We were sure that we could win that battle. How mistaken we were, I know now.

Our operation plan was gigantic. My group, the First Carrier Striking Force, led by Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, was to strike from the northwest, at Midway. Not far south of us, striking straight out of the west, was the main Battleship Force, led by the revered Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto himself. Further south, and coming in from the southwest, was the Transport-Invasion group, led by Vice Admiral Nobutake Kondo, with a Close Support Group led by Vice Admiral Kurita.

Two diversionary groups led by Vice Admiral Hosogaya were to invade the Aleutian Islands, far to the north, at the same time. They were to seize Adak, Kiska, and Attu Islands there. At least they were successful—for a while. N-Day was set for June 7th.

After the war ended, we learned that the Americans knew all about our plans. By an incredible feat of military intelligence, they had broken our code. Every message radioed from Tokyo or from our ships were perfectly understood by the Americans. They were waiting for us—had we only known it. American naval, air and ground forces were concentrating at Midway. (Continued on page 58)

Still trying to find that joker who shored your foxhole at Heartbreak Ridge? Looking for that buddy who went through Parris Island with you? Trying to find out when and where your old outfit is having a reunion? Or maybe you want that reunion publicized. Or are you a parent trying to find out the names of some of your son's buddies . . . the ones who can tell you what really happened that dark day at Iwo Jima. Well, we're here to help. Just drop a line to:

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO . . . ?

BATTLE CRY Suite 2101, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
—and we'll do the rest by printing it in this column.



Whatever happened to...?*



Army

SILAS SAMPSON would like to get in touch with anyone who was in Co. A, 31st Regt., 7th Inf. Div. in Korea in 1952 who can tell him what happened to Orrie D. W. Sampson, often known as David, who was listed missing in action, Oct. 14, 1952.

BILL HENDERSON JR., would like to hear from anyone who knew his father, Sgt. William Henderson Sr. in 30th Div. during Battle of the Bulge.

MINOR BUTLER would like to get in touch with the men of the 96th Div., especially B Company, 381st Inf., who fought the Leyte Campaign.

SP2 JAMES E. KRAJEWSKI, RA 16243103, HQ Btry 5th AA GP, is looking for SFC Walter Kirby, 8184 OTSU, TLD ORD Det, last known address APO 9, c/o PM San Francisco.

Attention PFC PETER TATRO, RA 12480486, 511 Airborne Signal Co., 11th Airborne Div., APO 112, New York, N. Y., please contact your mother.

F. MARTINEZ would like to contact anyone who was with the 25th Div. Recon Co., stationed in Shinodayama Bks, Osaka, Japan or Korea, between April 49 and July 51. Also where can he get book with pix of Division.

SGT SEYMOUR HARRIS would like to find out what happened to M/Sgt Robert Sheldon and Sgt Phillip Ogden who served with him in H Co., 23rd Regt., 2nd Inf. Div. in Korea.

WILLIAM D. LAND would like to locate Aaron V. Martin or anyone else who served in Co. D, 413 Inf., 104th Div., in WW II.

EDWARD ELLITHORPE would like to find out what happened to Fred J. (Gabby) Gibson, RA 15281716, last known address in Korea in 1953.

HARRY L. BARNHART JR., would like to hear from anyone who served with the Hq. Co., I & R Platoon, 1st Bn., 2nd Inf. Div., from July 31, 1950 through May 1, 1951.



Navy

GEORGE M. FITTS would like to locate two buddies, R. J. EARL and R. L. FATHIKE who served with him during WW II in the 2nd and 16th SEABEES.

CARMEN NATALE would like to hear from anyone who served with him on the USS Nicholson DD 442 in the Atlantic during early WW II, or at St. Albans Naval Hospital, Chest Ward, in 1943.

FRANK E. WILLIAMSON JR., of Madison Heights Va., would like to hear from his old shipmates from H Division USS Santee, CVE 29.

Attention Frank Williamson—JOHN B. MITCHELL 61 Whittier St., Lynbrook, L. I. is replying. He served as gunners mate in F Division.

VERONICA COOKSTON is trying hard to locate Alexander Pennquin, whom she last saw when he was stationed in Boston Mass., when he graduated in the Navy in 1943.



Marine Corps

CPL. C. D. ZIPETO JR., 1397736 C Co., 2nd Shore Party Bn., 2nd Marine Div., FMF Camp Lejeune, N. C., is interested in corresponding with 12 year old Ralph Boyanton who wants to write to a Marine.

Reunions

GEORGE KIRKWOOD would like to contact Lt. Edwin Averette and all members of the 366th Aviation Bn., who served in Taegu, Korea. SALVATORO RUOPOLLO wants to get together with members of Det 4, TSU-SGO, WK Kellogg Annex, who served under Capt. Robert Huffman.

CHARLES GOFF wants to know if CASU-F-44 of CAUF-45 are holding reunions. When and where?

Responses

SHIRLEY SCHAMS

A/3c JERRY P. KYSER, AF 14535—224, 353d Air Police Sqdn., Bryan AFB, Bryan, Texas, would be happy to correspond.

Pvt. JOHN J. PATTERSON, US 51367907, 559th M.P. Co., Ft. Monroe, Va., would enjoy getting in touch.

S. L. BYERS, SW-3, USN, MCB #1, Det. Mike, c/o FPO, New York, N. Y., is highly interested in writing.

A/2c NORMAN VAN VALKENBURG AF 12476543, 48 Supply Sqdn., Box 172, APO 119 c/o PM NY, NY, would be very happy to write to you.

Up to 9 Miles More Per Gallon! Up to 20 More Horsepower!

All From One Simple Change In Your Car!

YES! In the next two minutes I'm going to show you how you can get up to 20 MORE HORSEPOWER from your car ... how you can save enough gas in a single year to

drive over 1,000 FULL THROTTLE MILES ... how you can eliminate most of the ignition boost you've been getting ... and how you can get more power ... how you can get battery-saving, wear-free starting even in below freezing weather ... how you can get all this using one single complicated gadget —without paying a mechanical engineer or a special technician to change the color of your spark plugs!

By ED MITCHELL

Let me lay it at the start. What I'm offering you on this page is a guarantee. A guarantee that you can try the most fantastic spark plug in the world, entirely at my risk! A spark plug that costs more than twice the old-fashioned model that's on your car today. A spark plug that lasts up to 10 times longer than the old model ... and model that gives you the full blasting horsepower that old plug just didn't have.

It may actually save you enough gas to drive half way across America, every single year that you own it!

Does that sound impossible? It's been proven a thousand times this year! Here is a small sample of that proof.

This Is Why Your Car WasteGas, LosesPower

Some day, if you ever have a spare moment, sit in one of the seats of your car and look at the bottom of that plug. In 10 seconds, you'll learn more about gas waste than any book could teach you!

If that plug has been in your car a thousand miles or more, then what you'll see is this:

THE Firing Point of FIRE!

The Firing Point of that plug — the most important single point is now completely obscured by black, charred carbon! Carbon that will stick with BLACK FILTHY CARBON! Carbon that rots your car so much as 20 solid horsepower every time your engine fires!

No wonder you're slow. And look at the Firing Point itself. This is the POWER POINT of your car — the point where each stroke that turns your wheels into 300 horsepower of driving energy! And what is the condition?

HERE'S PROOF!

tion of that Point? CORRODED ... FITTED ... SCARRED ... AND BURNED! Hardly able to produce power ... and it should! Wasting gas ... wasting money, every time you turn your foot down on the accelerator.

You pay \$2.000 ... \$3000

\$4000 for your car. And a single \$10 part replaces yes of the most power and enjoyment of that car.

At Last A Plug So Smart

That Is "Thinking!"

Now look at the new plug-the first "POWER-FLASH" plug that I send you—for only a few pennies more than your present plug.

Now is a plug that has not only ONE firing point—but hundreds of firing points! That means it actually ELIMINATES THAT DEADLY CARBON! IT ALLOWS IT TO KEEP ITSELF SPARKING CLEAN, ON EVERY SINGLE STROKE!

The last time you took a trip was there when your car was brand-new, is still there 30,000 miles later.

That's just the beginning!

This plug actually gives you the different firing power you need for every driving condition.

For city stops and starts ... for

fortress horsepower for the park-

ing lot ... for super speed.

No more rattling, sputtering, knocking, when you want to pull ahead of other cars at a corner or when you're taking lake-offs at the light!

FULL POWER 24 HOURS A DAY ... or we send you a new one.

And that's still just the begin-

ning! Best of all ... this is the toughest, longest-lasting plug ever made. YOU COULD ACTUALLY POUND IT AGAINST A CONCRETE WALL WITH A HAMMER AND IT WOULD EVEN DENTING IT — AND THIS AMAZING PLUG WOULD STILL FIRE 20,000 MILES OR MORE WITHOUT FAILING!

Now, here's the proof. And look at the Firing Point itself. This is the POWER POINT of your car — the point where each stroke that turns your wheels into 300 horsepower of driving energy! And what is the condition?

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Now, here's the proof. And

look at the Firing Point itself.

This is the POWER POINT of

your car — the point where each

stroke that turns your wheels into

300 horsepower of driving energy!

And what is the condition?

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And what is the condition?



I Wonder if They

Remember My Name?

by Clement Hall

A lot can happen in twenty-four hours.

In that incredibly short space

of time, I put in a life-

time of bloody combat service!

THE LONG scar across my stomach is real enough. It hurts when I forget and stretch upward, reaching for something. But the short day of battle that put the scar on me, that still seems unreal—something out of a bad dream.

One day of combat was all—for me. It was enough. I wonder if the men left in my company even remember my name!

I was an infantry replacement—one "body"—being shipped north, when the Korean "Police Action" seemed almost ended, in November of 1950.

It's ironic, to think of it now. Most of the men in the truckload of replacements were anxious to get up front. The war was nearly over—we thought. We wanted to be assigned to an outfit, so that we would be "combat veterans," when it all ended in a few days. The line divisions were simply chasing the North Koreans north, to the Yalu. It was a cinch—according to what we had heard.

If we had known that six Chinese Armies were waiting for us, hidden in the bleak hills, we would have felt very different. But we didn't know that, then.

It was Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, when we reached a village called Kujang Dong, way up on the Chongchon River, in North Korea. 2nd Infantry Division had paused for Thanksgiving dinner—turkey and all the trimmings. We were a pretty gay bunch. It would be nice to wear the proud Indian

The hills of North Korea were cold and angry. Behind them lay the treacherous hordes of Red Chinese.



It was cold on that Thanksgiving Day. We took it easy for a while. According to rumor, the war was almost over. The rest of this "Police Action" would be a romp . . . or so we thought.

Head shoulder patch. When you have been a home-less replacement for weeks, that sort of thing seems very important.

A fellow named Hank, and I, were assigned to B Company, 9th Infantry Regiment, at Kujang Dong. Hank was killed the next day. I never did know what his second name was.

Captain William Wallace, the C.O. of Baker Company, talked to me for a few minutes; and then sent me to the Second Platoon. My platoon leader's name was Lt. Wethered. He was pleasant and cheerful, and assigned me to a rifle squad right away.

The squad was pretty friendly. The men seemed to understand how nervous I was, and most of them tried to make me feel better. The squad leader, Sergeant Joe Gross, took me around and had me talk to all the men, so that we'd know each other. Some of the men only glanced at me, nodded or said "Hi," and let it go at that.

It was a real mixed kind of company—about seventy percent white, twenty percent colored, and ten percent native ROK's (South Koreans). The ROK's couldn't speak any English. They just grinned and nodded at us. They stayed pretty much to themselves, though. There were about 130 men in the company. It was a queer feeling to become one of this assorted lot of men. But I was glad anyway to have an outfit of my own.

The Korean "police action" seemed to be nearly finished, that Thanksgiving Day. We were close to the Yalu and the Manchurian border. The North Koreans were licked and running. It seemed that it would be all over in a few days. 9th Regiment was simply chasing the last of the North Koreans, in a steady, day-by-day pursuit.

Talking and joking with the old-timers, and eating turkey, my nervousness at joining a new outfit disappeared fast. It was pretty much like being on



The hills get higher and more barren as you get a little further north. The Air Force covered us but they somehow failed to warn us of the coming Reds.



The Chinese attacked in screaming waves. It was the first time that anyone was even aware that they were in the field against us. We hit the ground and fired but we were vastly outnumbered.

a field problem bivouac back in the States. After weeks of being a homeless replacement, it felt good to "belong."

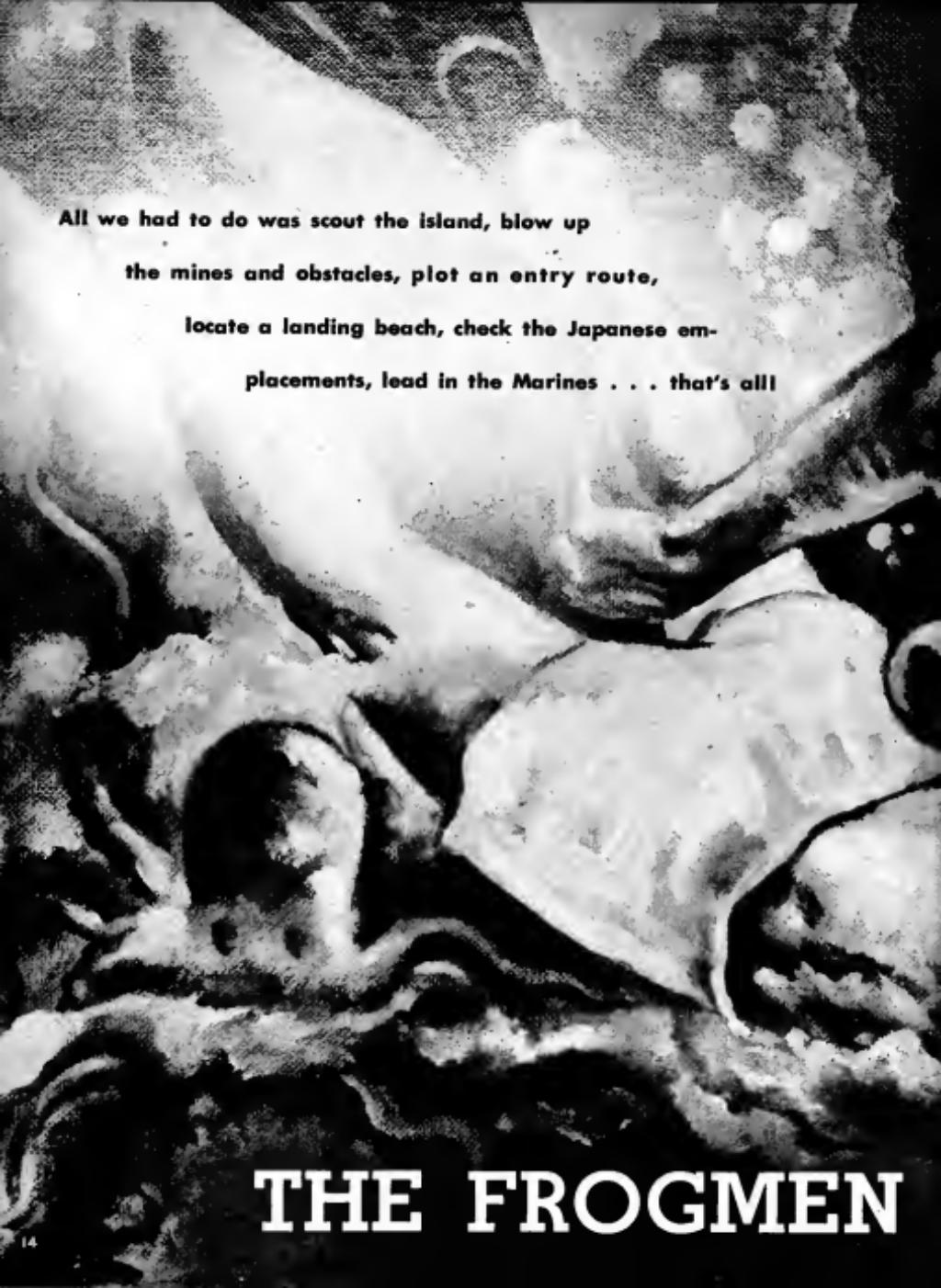
It was cold—about 15 degrees—but not too bad. The country was ugly, all bare, brown ridges and hills. But we didn't figure to stay long in this neighborhood. We were right about that, but not for the reasons we thought then.

Everybody was so sure that it was nearly over that they were careless. Most of the men had thrown away their steel helmets. The helmets wouldn't stay on the thick pile caps we wore. Only three or four had kept their bayonets. Nobody carried much ammo. It was too heavy, lugging it around. About half the men carried only one hand grenade. Most carried none at all. All my new issue equipment looked rather silly, and got me a lot of kidding.

Bob Forhan, in my squad, told me to get rid of a lot of it. "You won't need all that junk," he said, "and you'll get sick of hauling it around." But the idea of just throwing away government issue stuff still seemed pretty reckless to me. Back in the States you'd get court-martialed for throwing anything away.

Forhan laughed at me for hesitating. "Smarten up, Bub. This is a combat zone. No accountability for lost stuff. You can draw new gear when we go back south."

Bedding down for the night, I felt good. There seemed to be no danger, and the friendliness of the other men was very comforting. We slept like logs, in warm bedrolls, in spite of the hard frozen ground. It means something to be in a real outfit, not just a homeless replacement. (*Continued on page 52*)



All we had to do was scout the island, blow up
the mines and obstacles, plot an entry route,
locate a landing beach, check the Japanese em-
placements, lead in the Marines . . . that's all!

THE FROGMEN

HE ROLLED to the edge of the rubber boat. Spray streamed against his face and side as the boat bounced and skipped on the black water. The muffled roar of the P.T. boat's engine blended with the rushing sound of wind.

"Gould next! Get set . . ."

"Ready, now! Go!"

Water crashed against his shoulder as he dropped over the side. The dull throbbing of the engine disappeared quickly. The water was warm and pleasant. Low above the gently rolling waves the dim outline of the island loomed blackly out of the moonlit night. He started towards it, swimming slowly and easily.

So this was Eniwetok! The heavy "45" strapped to his hip, and the graph-paper mapping board tied to his left thigh, bothered him a little. He kept thinking of the cyanide capsule in his belt. "If about to be captured, break the capsule in your teeth. Death will be quick and painless"—that's what his training manuals had said.

It just didn't seem real. Here he was swimming towards an island occupied by Japanese who would kill him joyfully, if they could. Somewhere off to both sides of him in the dark ocean other men like him were swimming too—other frogmen—heading for the ominous island.

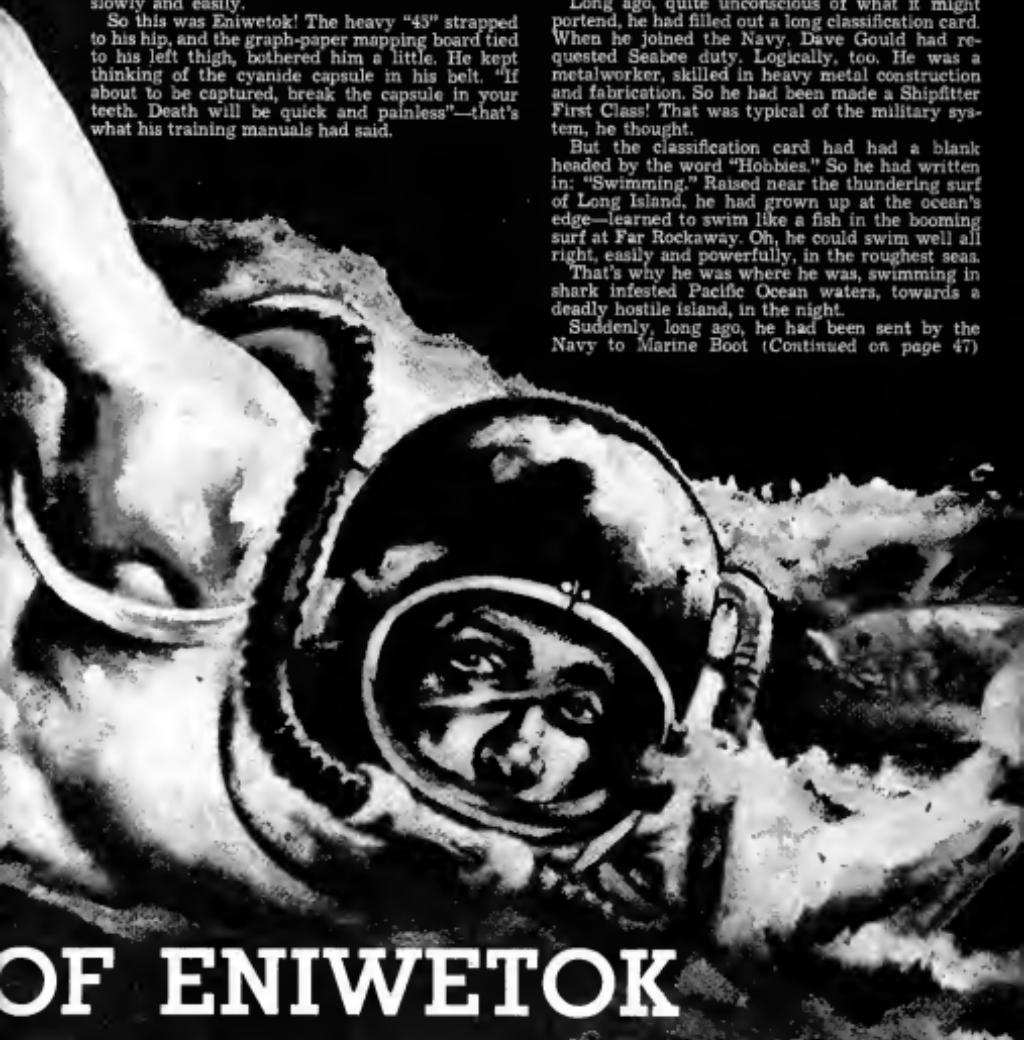
A sardonic smile creased his lean face for a moment. He was thinking back as he swam steadily shoreward. The daring volunteers who were "frogmen?" Volunteer, like hell! He had become a frogman in the old, old way of armies and navies: "We need volunteers. You, you, and you!" That was how he had volunteered—by request.

Long ago, quite unconscious of what it might portend, he had filled out a long classification card. When he joined the Navy, Dave Gould had requested Seabee duty. Logically, too. He was a metalworker, skilled in heavy metal construction and fabrication. So he had been made a Shipfitter First Class! That was typical of the military system, he thought.

But the classification card had had a blank headed by the word "Hobbies." So he had written in: "Swimming." Raised near the thundering surf of Long Island, he had grown up at the ocean's edge—learned to swim like a fish in the booming surf at Far Rockaway. Oh, he could swim well all right, easily and powerfully, in the roughest seas.

That's why he was where he was, swimming in shark infested Pacific Ocean waters, towards a deadly hostile island, in the night.

Suddenly, long ago, he had been sent by the Navy to Marine Boot (Continued on page 47)



OF ENIWETOK



Tail Gunner

by Jack Pierson

The Germans forgot about the rest of us.

They were going to battle it out with a

tail gunner who had just knocked out two

of their buddies. It was personal, now!



THE FOCKE-WOLFE disappeared behind the smoking nacelle. There was a bright blob of orange from the exploding gasoline, and the voice ringing in the inter-com: "Scratch one FW!"

I stared out the open waist window of our B-17 and watched the debris swirl by. I could swear I saw a man, or rather, parts of a man, sweep past the tail of the Fortress. The moisture smashed into my face and I wondered what had caused it. As I turned around, I saw the look on the face of the other waist gunner, Sgt. Gary Weins, and it was then that I knew what had hit my face. I tore off the fleece-lined gloves and wiped my hand across my eyes. Blood. But it wasn't mine. It was the blood of that Luftwaffe pilot we had just knocked out of the skies. A bloody end to a bloody career.

We were a jubilant crew as we watched the P-51s herd us back across the English Channel to our base at Bury St. Edmunds. And why shouldn't we be? We had clobbered the target, our tail gunner S/Sgt. Bob Perlow had knocked down his fourth enemy aircraft, and we were one mission closer to going home. Ten to go.

Interrogation was like it had always been. Everyone talking at once, all trying to confirm Bob's kill. Finally the intelligence Major quieted us down and got the story pieced together.

"Fourth one, eh Sarge? Getting to be a real hot shot, aren't you?"

We all looked up when Bob didn't answer, but turned away from the table and went out of the Nissen hut that was used by Intelligence.

Our pilot, Al Lawrence, turned to me in surprise. "Hey, what's eating him? Didn't he make out with that WAC last night?"

But I was as surprised as any of them. You get to know a guy pretty well after spending two years with him. Bob and I had been together ever since we had hooked up in gunnery school at Kingman, Arizona. It's funny, some guys you like right away. Get to be buddy-buddy with. That's the way it was with Bob Perlow and me. We had finished our training, then we were both sent to Lincoln, (Continued on page 19)



TAIL GUNNER CONTINUED



The flak traced us all the way in to the target, and the shrapnel was bouncing off our skin like a heavy hail on a tin roof.



As they passed along our flank, the waist gunner let loose with a long, steady blast. "OK toil . . . they're coming your way!"



We lost a lot of planes that day. Marauders as well as Forts. But we weren't the only ones. We gave back the Jerries as good as we got. The intercom rang with voices, shouting, "Scratch one more FW."

Nebraska, for crew assignment. As luck would have it, we both drew the same crew, Bob as tail gunner, and me in the waist. After training at Sioux City, Iowa, we were shipped overseas to England and the 94th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force. But all that seemed like fifteen years and fifteen missions ago. You get to know a guy pretty well in that length of time.

It took me a half-hour to find him. He was sitting on an overturned ammo can down by the flight line watching the ground crew putting our B-17 back into shape for tomorrow's mission.

I didn't say anything, just took another can and sat down beside Bob. I shivered as an electric drill shrieked its way through the aluminum. They were cutting out a chunk of fuselage that had been punctured by a sliver of flak.

"Know how many holes we took today?"

He pointed at the patched-up Fortress, and didn't even wait for an answer.

"I know, I counted them. Every single one. 269 of them."

I could feel him shudder through the thin sleeve of his flying jacket. The one with the fifteen bombs and three swastikas painted on the back.

I blurted out. You don't beat around the bush with your buddy.

"What's matter, Bob? What's eating you?"

He stood up then, and walked slowly to the squatting bomber. He ran his finger around the frayed edge of a flak hole. One near the tail . . .

"I've had it, Jack. I'm used up."

He stopped to light a cigarette, and his hand shook so that he finally threw it away in disgust.

I waited for him to continue.

"I can't fly another mission! I just can't. I don't know how I've gone this far. Every time I think of

it I'm ready to puke my guts. And I don't care what they do to me—let them put me on permanent KP—I don't give a damn anymore!"

I had seen guys like this before. The Air Force has a special name for them . . . flaked up. I guess in the Army you'd call it combat fatigue. A flyer puts in so much flying time, both in training and in combat, and then he's had it! The tensions have built up to the boiling point and he's ready to explode. He's sweated out too much flak, battled it out with too many enemy fighters, seen too many B-17s go up in four orange blobs as the gas tanks explode, prayed too many times as they'd stagger across the Channel with engines shot out. That's what they mean by flaked up.

And Bob Perlow was flaked up.

I talked it over with the Flight Surgeon, but he just laughed at me. Said that at the last flight physical Bob had passed without any trouble. What had happened today was just the nervous reaction from knocking down that Focke-Wolfe. But he'd keep an eye on Bob—and don't worry about it, Sergeant.

Al Lawrence put it this way. Said everybody got scared sometime. Be a liar if he didn't admit it. Even he got scared. But he didn't have time to talk about it now . . . a hot date with a nurse . . . understand . . .

Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. All I could do was watch Bob's pasty face as we sweated out the take-off back in the waist.

Then we were airborne, and jockeying for position in the formation.

I slapped him on the rump and watched him shuck his way toward the rear. The pilot's voice came through my head-sets. (Continued on page 50)



The beach was absolute hell. Not only was it guarded by mines and wire, but by steel and concrete bunkers.



THE DIEPPE RAID:

an epic of Canadian Courage

by Furman Keith III

CANADIANS DO NOT go in much for boasting. Probably that is why today, the great Dieppe Raid is nearly forgotten, while many lesser amphibious battles are well remembered.

But the Dieppe landing of World War II was the model for all the seaborne invasions, since. And the quiet Canadians, gentle and modest in time of peace, showed again how terrific they can be in time of war. They formed the core of the assault force, in which also were Britons, Scots, Americans, Frenchmen, and indeed representatives of all the Allied World.

The typical Canadian attitude towards boasting, was summed up by one sergeant's remark to a recruit, who sounded off about how tough he'd be. Said the sergeant: "Not so much bloody mouth! Let's see what you do, not hear about it!"

Backbone of the almost recklessly daring raid, was the Canadian 2d Division, spearheaded by the Royal Regiment of Canada, plus the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, the Canadian Essex Scottish, the South Saskatchewan Regiment, the Cameron Highlanders of Canada, the Fusiliers Mont Royal, and the 14th Canadian Army Tank Battalion with the Calgary Regiment.

An inter-Allied Commando unit was formed to aid the predominantly Canadian task force. It in-

cluded British and Free French Commandos and American Rangers. British, American, and Allied air units, and British naval units aided by a few American ships would support the assault. They, too, would execute and cover the withdrawal after the raiding attack was over.

The great attack had two prime purposes. One was to test the German defenses of Festung (Fortress) Europe, to take prisoners, and bring back military papers and information. More important, it would put to the acid test of battle all the Anglo-American theories and plans for the final invasion, that would liberate Europe from German slavery. It would provide a basis of bloody experience for the enormous Normandy invasion as well as for many other landings in the Mediterranean and in the Pacific.

On August 19th, 1942, the day of the raid, the Nazi juggernaut was at the peak of its power. Small Commando raids had been made at Vaagso, Lofoten, St. Nazaire, and Boulogne. But this was to be the first large scale assault landing against a heavily defended coast. It was to be the Allies' first real challenge to the "invincible" German stronghold, and their first large-scale killing of Boche-in that stronghold.

The French seacoast town (Continued on page 43)

Out of some 5000 Canadians, more than 3500 were killed, wounded or missing. Here are a pair of the lucky ones.

Crowds gathered in the city as the Canadians entered. Following the fierce fight, the Germans left the town.



TARAWA

The Bloodiest Battle of Them All

The 2nd Marine Division had to write the book on island

assaults, from scratch. And they wrote it with their guts!

IT'S EASY to be wise after the event. But it's not so easy when a planned action still is shrouded with uncertainty and the fog of mystery.

We know now that Tarawa Atoll, in the sandy little Gilbert Islands, sprawled across the Equator, is a venomous rat's nest to invade. But in November of 1943 no American knew that fact. No American yet knew, then, that the Japanese would fight to the death practically every time, even for no valid purpose. Bloody Tarawa proved that.

Today we know the weird Nipponese military doctrine of insane, purposeless death-seeking. Now we know that the Japanese will fight like cornered rats for every barren inch of a totally worthless bit of sandy desolation. But that was AFTER Tarawa.

The 2nd Marine Division learned these bitter facts for the Americans, at a terrible price—3,301 casualties in a blazing three-day battle. In the process, over 4700 Japanese were killed, while only 17 stunned Japs and 129 Koreans were taken prisoner. The only Japanese taken alive were men too dazed to resist or to commit suicide. That single fact shows clearly the fierce resistance the Marines had to batter down, in every encounter with the fanatical, Japanese warriors.

Tarawa Atoll is a typical low-lying circle of coral reefs and tiny sandy islands, rising only eight or ten feet above the waters of the Pacific. Its main island, Betio, at the southwest corner of the atoll, averages only about 800 yards in width for all its seven mile length. In 1943 its three-strip airfield and bristling fortifications threatened our advance towards Japan, and offered a valuable base for the drive into the heart of Nippon's ocean empire. Some 18 months before, the Japs had seized this British possession as a bastion of their sea defenses.

From its rest area in New Zealand, the 2nd Marine division, fully reorganized after its bitter action at Guadalcanal, sailed for Tarawa. It was headed for one of the bloodiest battles of World War II.

Betio Island, the target, is surrounded by a solid ring of coral reefs, 500 to 1000 yards wide. Only on its northern edge, where a long pier juts out across the reef, is amphibious landing even possible. Its maze of defenses, manned by a picked force of Japanese Imperial Marines, was a terrific fortress to assault.

"It was like wading over razor blades into an exploding furnace." That's how Private Glen McLeod described it, afterward.

(Continued on page 64)

by Arthur M. Maddox



I was a "MEDIC"

by Donald Hazen



Back in training camp, it hurt a lot when the infantrymen used

to laugh and sneer at the "eight-ball medics." But once we got

into combat, they sang a different tune. We were heroes, then!



Wounded, almost dead, this soldier lies unconscious in a Belgian field. The Corpsmen managed to save thousands of such casualties.



Saved by the heroic performance of Combat Medics, these wounded men lie happily aboard a transport about to leave combat zone.

IT WAS no honor to be a medic—until combat began. Then, the medics suddenly became very important. GIs who had sneered at us "eight-balls" suddenly became friendly and respectful. I know. I was a medic.

When I was inducted into the Army in early December of 1942, they sent me to the 99th Infantry Division. The division had just been activated at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi. Fresh out of high school, and being a rather quiet, shy sort of fellow, I was pretty depressed at the idea of becoming an infantry dogface.

Like many other young fellows, I had thought myself too good for that kind of assignment. With a high school major in science, it seemed to me that a special job, maybe in the Signal Corps or with the Quartermaster, would be where my training could be most useful. But the Army needed infantry soldiers.

Now that it's past, it seems to me that maybe the Army was right after all. In basic training I was all thumbs. Couldn't hit the side of a barn with an M-1. Couldn't keep up with the platoon on a long hike. Couldn't fix a jammed machine gun, much less a complicated radio or instrument.

Now that it's past, I can admit it to myself. From the point of view of the tough cadre non-coms I was an "eight-ball". The cadre had come from the 7th Division. They respected a man who could march and shoot. I couldn't. It was as simple as that.

Believe me, it was not for lack of trying. I really tried. But my legs would get weak, and my eyes were not sharp enough on the rifle range. All in all, my name definitely was not one of the assets of the 394th Infantry roster.

Even so, in an odd sort of way the Checkerboard shoulder patch of the 99th meant something to me. In my letters to my folks back home there was a kind of pride at being part of a new fighting division. But (Continued on page 68)



Battle Cry's

Girl of the Month

*Marla English is one of the shapeliest bits
of cuddlesome cuteness that we have ever seen*







Girl of the Month continued



*Marla, our English muffin
is the kind of tasty tid-
bit, we'd like for lunch!*





Fruit for Sale

by Alfred Whistler

A soldier on a furlough needs cash, plenty of cash. So, if he finds an opportunity to make a little extra, how can you blame him!

IT ALL HAPPENED on the way back from a furlough. Maybe a few of you fellows remember the system they had worked out during the winter of 1944-45. It wasn't a bad one, at that. Every week or so, they'd call up some poor sucker who'd been going fox-hole crazy, put him on orders, and ship him back, out of the line, to a little town on the French Channel coast, called Etretat. From there, after two or three days for the usual "processing," they'd hand

him a book full of tickets, put him on a steamer, float him back across the channel, and turn him loose in England, to have and to hold exactly as he damned well pleased, for ten wonderful days.

That part was great. But then, as it must to all pleasant things in life, the sojourn came to an end, the free time was passed and you had to go back. While the thought was rather depressing, there was one factor in favor of it. No completely normal GI

had any cash at all left in his pockets, after ten days on the loose. For myself, I was the proud possessor of exactly one, big, round, coppery English penny. Under the old exchange (\$4.03½) that made my net worth a fair-sized fraction under two cents, cash money.

In accordance with my orders, I reported to the Red Cross club, on Edgeware Road in London at the appointed time. There I was furnished with a meal (one), a ride on a bus (filled with other sufferers) and a seat on a special train (destination—Southampton). By late afternoon I was safely tucked aboard the converted yacht (*bald-faced lie*) that was to sail me back to my rendezvous with destiny.

Now there I was, standing on the deck in the company of two other characters from my division, looking longingly at the erstwhile happy hunting ground (women) and wondering vaguely how I was to spend the next two weeks until pay day. I was not singing joyous hymns to the immediate future. Any hopes of borrowing dough were cast into the dust within two minutes of my reunion with my companions. One was broker than I was—he was completely flat—while the third member of our trio, he was the wealthy one, had one shilling and threepence (pronounced thruppence), worth exactly a quarter. We were rolling, but good. Rolled would have been closer to the truth.

After a bit, a convoy of trucks rumbled up alongside the dock. They were filled to the brim with crates. A group of sweating refugees from the combat zone groaned out of a shed and began to unload the mechanical beasts of burden. They looked unhappy, even as we did, and from their talk, they sounded even lower. We offered to swap jobs with them, but they paid us no mind. Funny about that. We could hear as plain as day that they were saying they would do anything in the world to get off that lousy detail. Then, when we took 'em up on it, when we offer them a nice, breezy boatride in exchange, they make believe they can't hear us.

Anyway, they finally got the trucks unloaded and the stuff piled up on the dock, near enough so we could almost—but not quite—touch it. One of the boxes was broken. We saw what the stuff was. Oranges! Billions and billions of oranges.

Do any of you characters remember how it was with oranges in them there years? Buster, I'll have you know we saw maybe one or two real oranges in the course of a whole year. Apples? Plenty. Potatoes? Reams of them. But oranges—only in cans, brother, only in cans. The thought of a real one, an eating orange, right there within twenty feet of us, nigh drove us stark, raving mad. We'd have jumped ship if we could.

And then came the miracle. They began to hoist the crates aboard ship.

Now naturally, some of the crates broke. They wouldn't have been orange crates if they hadn't. And when they did split open, some of the nice, juicy fruit spilled out on the deck. We weren't backward. The army had taught us proper protocol. We dived for them.

Well, now, how many oranges can a man eat? We ate 'em. We ate twice as many as that. We stuffed ourselves as full of fresh, fine orange sections as we possibly could. We stuffed our pockets with extras, and when we had filled those, we went below, grabbed our travelling musettes, brought them up, and stuffed them too. We were finally as loaded down with oranges as a regular has junk after a full hitch of garrison duty. Man, but we were loaded.

It was along about that time when one of us

genuises—I seem to remember that his name was Ben—that's it, Ben something or other, suddenly turned to us and remarked with a smile, "Hey! You guys realize what this stuff will be worth back in France? Those characters haven't seen an orange since before '39. I'll bet they're worth better than a hundred francs apiece!"

"Yeah! Maybe even two hundred," says the other GI—I think his name was Phil.

"Or even five hundred," I chimed in.

"Yeah!" breathed the other two in unison. "We'll be rich."

"We'll be known as the orange kings. Maybe we'll be millionaires," dreams out Ben, enraptured by the thought.

"And we're gonna be in Paris," I reminded them. "We gotta go through Paris. That's where all the trains end. We gotta change trains, don't we? They can't put on a special army train for all of us. Too many guys here come from too many different outfits for that. So we gotta stop over in Paris."

"How long do you think we'll be there?" asks Phil.

"I dunno," I answered him. "It depends on the train schedule. Have to be a few hours at least. Maybe overnight. Who knows. It's gotta be some time though."

"Paris," sighs Ben, "and us with all that money."

"What money?" asks Phil.

"The orange money, dope. Ain't Paris the headquarters of the black market? We'll unload. Even if we have to take a loss, at say fifty francs apiece,



we'll still have enough for a time—whatta time."

"I ain't gonna take no loss," says Phil. "With me, it's a hundred francs apiece for my oranges, or nothin'. I'll starve first."

We were happy that night. Even the fact that the boat had sailed, that we were outward bound from furlough-land, on our way back to dirty duty, failed to put a crimp in our smiles. When we arrived back in Havre, the next morning, we didn't even mind the misty dampness of the open trucks that they had waiting for us. We endured the ride to Etretat without a murmur. We spent the days, two of them, without anything like the rancor usually bestowed upon a safe, ComZ retreat by a line soldier—that is when he is leaving it to go forward, not when he's coming back to it.

And then the day came. At 0800, we marched grinningly aboard the Paris train, in company with 200 sad sacks and began our fateful journey through the heart and soul of France (Continued on page 62)



THEY WERE MEN in those days. Sailors were sailors, not white-uniformed prissies who made all their noise on leave. They knew how to fight in the days of the high-rigger frigates.

When a modern battleship goes out to sea, to stage a battle with the enemy, they heave-to twenty miles from each other and lob shells at each other till (if they're lucky) their gunners home in and score.

But there was a battle in days past that would have made the modern swabbie blanche white, that would have made him duck belowdecks. And that battle was fought between two of the hardest-fighting ships in the world, on a fresh-water lake, across a distance not much wider than a sharp golfer could drive a ball.

That battle was the fight for Lake Erie during the War of 1812 . . . and if there's anyone who thinks it was a cut-and-dry milk run, that it is ancient his-

tory, that there wasn't more blood and heroism per minute in that battle, than almost any major sea battle of the past fifty years, that person is dead wrong.

The Battle for Lake Erie was no small encounter by two opposing armadas. It was not merely a dusty trial of strength in which a man named Perry came out on top. It was more than just one of the deciding factors in the War of 1812.

It will go down in history as the triumph of a naval genius over the arrogance and inefficiency of his superiors, the inadequacy of his ships, the rawness of his recruits, the strangling stupidity of his fellow officer, and the overwhelming odds of a primed and waiting enemy.

It is a tribute to the strength, audacity and determination of a twenty-eight-year-old man of guts and knowledge—Oliver Hazard Perry. This is his story.



The Battle of **LAKE ERIE**

by Harlan Ellison

Oliver Hazard Perry was forced to
fight incompetence and cowardice,
as well as the British, before he
could win his monumental victory!

THE COMMODORE'S NAME was Chauncey. Chauncey wasn't quite a coward, by any means, but he was cautious. Overcautious, many people said. The British were on Lakes Ontario and Erie, and they had to be met . . . and beaten.

The stakes were greater in the Ontario campaign (and the odds were lower), but how could Chauncey conduct two campaigns at once? It was a thorny problem, till advantageously at this time, a request came through from Captain Oliver Hazard Perry requesting permission to serve under the Commodore.

At that point the whole, undermanned, cockleshelled operation on Erie was turned over to the young, fiery Captain.

So Chauncey went off to Lake Ontario, where the chances of totally smashing British power on the Lake were greater than on Erie. But no such thing

happened, for the timorous Commodore, though a seasoned fighter of forty years, was too eager to hold the enemy in great respect. No audacity, only a dragging battle.

While on the Erie, Perry began to realize just what he was up against.

What there was of his fleet was anchored at Presque Isle (now called Erie) which had a good and spacious harbor, but also had a treacherous sand-bar over which there was less than seven feet of water. It kept the Briti 'n out, but it also kept the Yankees in.

Perry had a captured English brig, the *Caledonia*, three schooners named the *Somers*, *Tigress* and *Ohio*, three other schooners, a brig named the *Lawrence*, and a 480-tonner named the *Niagara*. Those and a few other small ships composed the American fleet on the Erie. (Continued on page 72)

They Couldn't be Licked



At Salerno, the Germans threw in everything but the kitchen sink and the GIs still beat them cold.

by Victor R. Donaghue



SQUIRREL-headed generals." That, said the newspapers in mid-1956, is what former President Harry Truman called the planners of the Salerno invasion—Operation Avalanche.

What the G.I.'s and British Tommies called them in 1943 was a lot more pungent. The wisdom or folly of that first major invasion of Europe will be argued for years to come. It was the nearest the Allies came to utter defeat and disaster.

Yet, one fact remains sure. Dangerous and doubtful as it was, the Salerno landing did win out. Generals who win can't be as stupid as armchair critics may say.

Ask the veterans of the 36th Infantry Division, the 45th Infantry Division, the Rangers, and the 82nd Airborne Division, about bloody Salerno. Ask the men of the cruiser U.S.S. *Severn*. Ask the tough Limeys of the British 46th and 56th Divisions and Commando. Then watch the air turn blue as they talk about "that goddam filthy, Salerno beachhead."

On September 3rd, 1943, right after Sicily was secured, General Montgomery slipped two British divisions across the Strait of Messina, onto the toe of the Italian boot. His slow drive up the mountain-



The Germans on the rimming hills had them pinned down and zeroed in. The GIs hung on and took it.



Dead Germans lie in peaceful rows along Salerno's bloody beach. Man for man, the GI's proved the better.

ous peninsula easily could be stopped by the Germans—unless another invasion was made farther north.

The bay of Salerno was the logical place, just at the extreme limit of Allied fighter-plane range. There the major supply port of Naples could be seized, and the airfields at Foggia. The only trouble was that this logic was an obvious to the Germans as it was to the Yanks and English.

The Italian fascists had surrendered, and the Germans were hurriedly reinforcing the threatened area. They had eighteen veteran divisions, led by the wily Field Marshal Kesselring, to throw against four Allied divisions. From the frowning heights all round the 30 mile wide, semi-circular Salerno Bay, big German guns commanded the entire invasion area.

Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander, decided to give command of the invading Fifth Army to General Mark Clark. This was Clark's first battle command. The British X Corps' divisions would land on the north, with their Commandos and American Rangers. The American VI Corps would land the 36th Division first, in the south, and then the 45th Division.

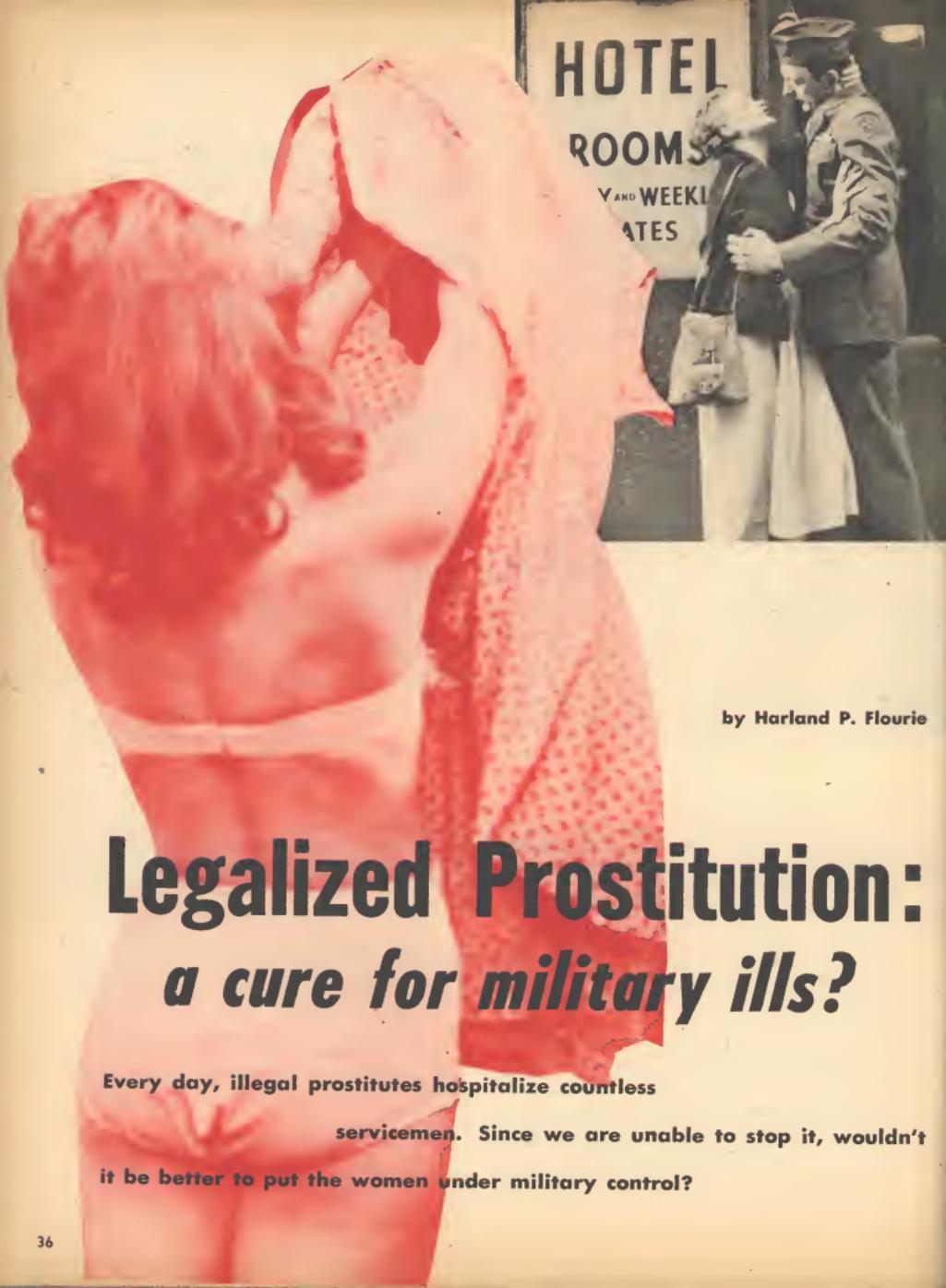
On September 8th some 450 ships, commanded by Vice-Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, U.S.N., moved into the beautiful Tyrrhenian Sea and approached the shores of Salerno Bay. On his flagship *Ancon* Clark watched the scurrying landing craft head for the wide-curving beaches.

Some of the fanciful dreams of the Allies soon were to be blown sky high. They had theorized that the Germans would pull back to northern Italy, if attacked in force. Instead, at Salerno and every step of the way, the Germans showed them that every inch of Italy would be savagely contested. The hard, bitter fighting was to begin at Salerno.

Air experts had said confidently that air superiority would cut German supply lines and force the enemy to retreat. Allied bombers of Air Marshal Tedder's Anglo-American forces plastered enemy communications for weeks, then months, and finally years—in vain.

Later, Clark said that the air power theory "was a complete flop. The Germans kept right on increasing their strength in Italy until the very end and were able to battle us for every foot of Italian soil."

In the end it was to be the personal fighting abilities of the plain G.I. and (Continued on page 42).



by Harland P. Flourie

Legalized Prostitution: *a cure for military ills?*

Every day, illegal prostitutes hospitalize countless

servicemen. Since we are unable to stop it, wouldn't

it be better to put the women under military control?

DESPITE the puritanical preachings of high-minded moralists, sex in the armed forces is our number one military problem. This is a fact recognized by every social researcher, every member of the medical services both in and out of uniform, every member of the police, MP's and SP's, and the commander of each and every military post, station, field or ship. Men without women form a universal basis for trouble, and when those men are normal, healthy, young and vigorous, it becomes an impossibility to even attempt to outlaw their ordinary urges.

We are willing to admit right here at the beginning, that perhaps it ought not be this way. Possibly the mothers, ministers and public hygienists are correct in stating categorically that no young man properly brought up, fully occupied and decently led should feel free to sow wild oats merely because he is away from home.

Be that as it may, neither the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps or Coast Guard is physically able to set twenty-four hour watch over 100% of its men. Neither is it capable of repressing urges which are completely natural in young, strong men.

Whether officer or enlisted, the reproductive drive strikes with a power that can be kept under wraps by only the tiniest minority. From pre-historic days, the soldier or sailor on the loose has been an invariable seeker after sexual relief.

It must also be said, coldly and bluntly, that where normal sexual outlets are denied, there will always be an outbreak of abnormality. Of the two evils, the latter is infinitely the worse.

It is now so common as to defy surprise, to find that the towns and cities surrounding all our service areas, filled to overflowing with illegal prostitutes. Despite military action, local and state enforcement.



Soldiers know they can find willing women in this vice area of Corpus Christi, Texas.

the number of prostitutes increases. It is simple economics. The demand for compliant women is so great as to make even the risks of fines and prison seem well worth the effort. The take from military sex adventuring is maintaining not only the prostitutes themselves, but a host of madams, pimps, and racketeers in unlocked for luxury.

And the enormous sex pressure is having other ill effects as well. It is casting a pall of doubt over the morality of those groups of fine, patriotic, upstanding and hardworking women, the female military counterparts—WAC, WAF. (Continued on page 45)



Military and Naval police commanders have a major problem in the sprawling New York City midtown district. Their task is hopeless.

EARN EXTRA \$\$\$\$ IN YOUR SPARE TIME MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER PAY FOR ITSELF

Just \$1 Down And \$1 A Week Delivers The Fabulous **Remington Quiet-Riter** Factory Sealed And Guaranteed

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typing that can be done at home in spare time. But you must act fast to get your REMINGTON QUIET-RITER quickly. Just send \$1 dollar with your order to start it on its way. Your \$1 will be refunded promptly if you are not completely satisfied. This offer is only available to people over 21—regularly employed or any housewife. Now fill in the coupon and send it with your \$1 today.

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Think of all the ways a typewriter in your home can benefit your whole family. Tests show that students who type their school work get higher grades... up to 38% higher grades. Homework goes so much faster, neater and clearer that it's almost fun. And Dad can cut-out those job reports in much less time. Mom, of course, will be typing everything she writes. After you've had your REMINGTON QUIET-RITER just a few days, you'll be wondering how you ever got along without it. It's so easy to use and so easy to own. Just \$1 dollar will start your Quiet-Riter on its way to you... in its beautiful carrying case, with the REMINGTON SIMPLIFIED TYPING INSTRUCTION BOOK that will teach anyone who wants to learn how to touch-type in just 10 simple lessons. And, if you order quickly, you'll receive the booklet, "How To Make Your Typewriter Earn Money For You At Home." Your Quiet-Riter can be made to pay for itself and to keep on paying you for years and years. So, send in your order today. Just fill out the coupon below and send it with a single dollar enclosed to the address on the coupon.



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261 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.**

I enclose \$1.00. Send me the Remington Rand QuietWriter Portable Typewriter
ON THE Remington Rand DEFERRED PAYMENT AGREEMENT

The undersigned hereby purchases from the dealer indicated below the machine or equipment described herein, and agrees to pay all of the following terms and conditions of this Agreement. Title to the above described equipment shall not pass to the purchaser until the entire indebtedness evidenced by this agreement is paid in full.

Purchaser agrees to pay the balance due hereunder in 25 equal monthly installments of \$4.15, and a final payment if not made within 10 days after the date when due, Remington Rand may declare the total unpaid balance as due and payable forthwith. As an alternative Remington Rand may elect to demand the immediate return of the equipment which will be determined by the undesignated methods of your bank or collection agency. In the event that the undesignated methods of your bank or collection agency, purchaser agrees to pay all collection or repossession expenses and charges in connection therewith. If the above described equipment is repossessed, all amounts theretofore paid by the undersigned purchaser on account herefor shall be considered rental for the period while in the undersigned's possession and upon payment of all expenses, including attorney's fees, his agreement shall be deemed liquidated and the undersigned purchaser discharged as to any unpaid balance, other liability hereunder. Purchaser agrees to keep the equipment in good condition and assumes full responsibility for same, including its loss by theft, damage or destruction.

The undersigned purchaser agrees to accept delivery of the above mentioned equipment upon acceptance of this agreement by Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation and acknowledges receipt of a copy of this agreement.

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ALL INFORMATION KEPT IN
SECUREST CONFIDENCE**

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APPLICATION FOR CREDIT**

Please PRINT answers to ALL questions below.

If married, is a minor, information below regarding minor to be given by husband or guardian during the existence of this agreement.

1. Marital Status Number of Dependents

2. Home Telephone Number

3. How Long as Present Address? Own or Rent?

4. If renting, Name and Address of Landlord

5. Previous Home Address

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SERVICE HUMOR

Cartoons and gags to which the
Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines are laughing

all material courtesy of the Armed Forces Press Service

The vacationing businessman was on a plane bound for Europe when engine trouble forced the plane to make an emergency landing in Newfoundland. As they landed, the businessman nervously asked the little old lady sitting next to him if she'd been frightened. "Heavens no," she answered. "It wasn't even on our side of the plane!"

Kenny Letter, Letterkenny Ordnance Depot

The railroad station agent heard a crash and dashed outside to see a train disappear around the bend. On the platform lay an unconscious man, surrounded by the contents of his suitcase. "Was he trying to catch the train?" the agent asked a small boy. "He did catch it," the boy answered, "but it got away from him again!"

Cannon Report, 58th Field Artillery Group

"Oh what a lovely cow," said the cute young miss from the city. "But why hasn't it any horns?" she asked the farmer.

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied quietly. "Some cows do not have them until later in life. Others have them removed; while still other breeds are born without horns. This cow doesn't have horns because it is a horse!"

Sagebrush Press Review
658th AC&W Squadron



"If you don't stop following me—
I'll call a minister!"



"Whaddaya mean, your desk is
dirty? I just mopped it!"



"Are you sure this isn't a
personal call?"



"Seaman Cox isn't coming— I won
you in a poker game!"

"Your wife says you can't keep anything from her."
"She's mistaken. I have a quarter inside the lining
of my vest at this very moment!"

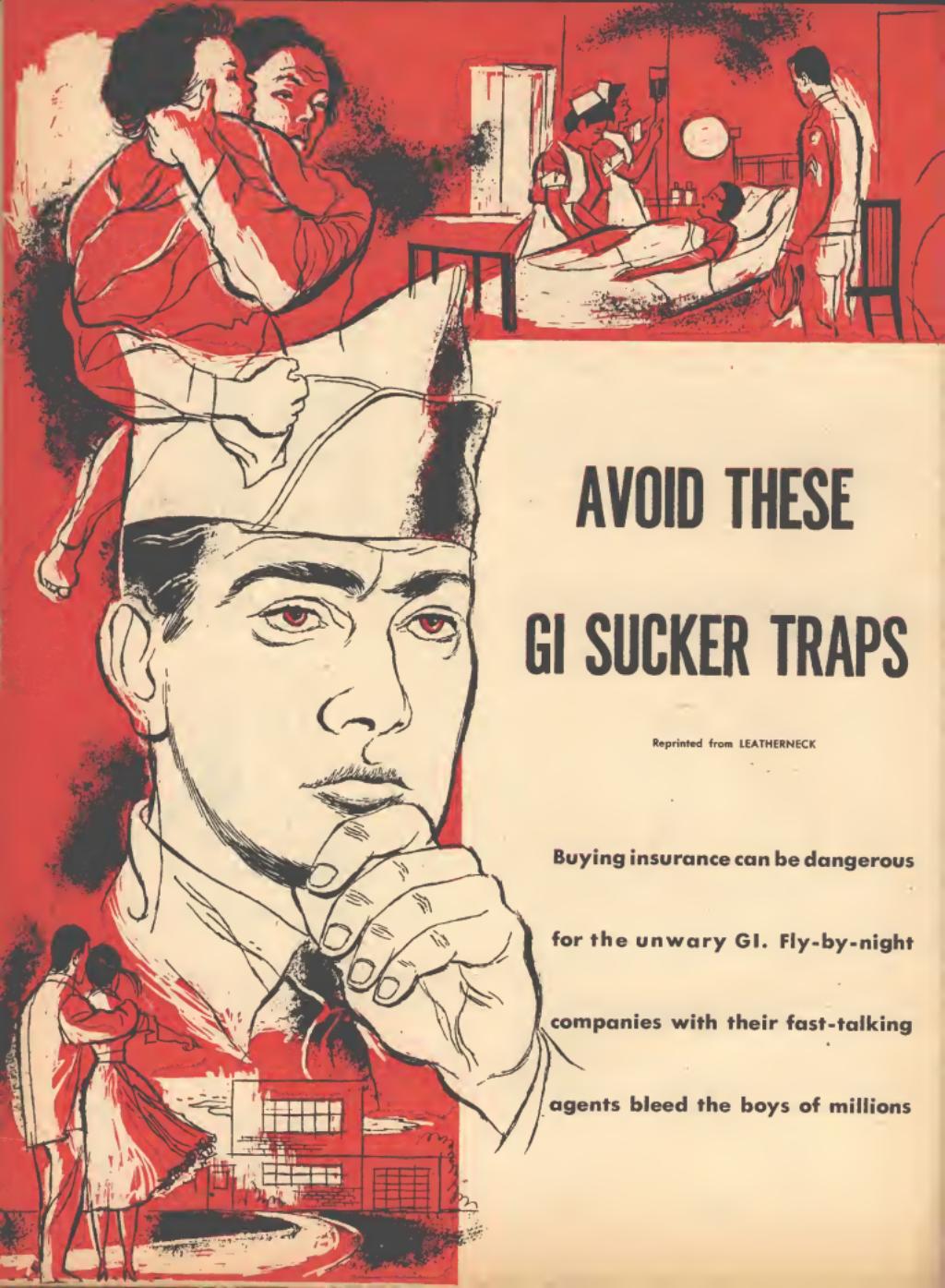
Glacier News
Port of Whittier, Alaska

A man went into a store and bought a golf ball.
Clerk: Shall I wrap it?
Man: No. I'll drive it home.

Air Defender
Kirtland Air Force Base, N.M.

The height of indifference is shown by the man who saw black specks in his pudding and didn't care if they were flies or raisins.

The Mountain Defender
Charleston, W. Va., Filter Center



AVOID THESE GI SUCKER TRAPS

Reprinted from LEATHERNECK

Buying insurance can be dangerous
for the unwary GI. Fly-by-night
companies with their fast-talking
agents bleed the boys of millions



THIS SERVICEMEN'S Indemnity and Insurance Acts of 1951 provide free automatic insurance up to \$10,000 for each man as he enters the service. However, this protection ends as soon as the man is returned to civilian life, unless he has been totally disabled in service. For a serviceman who has a wife and children, or who has parental dependents back home, this \$10,000 would probably not be enough to provide for all of their needs if he were to die in service. Then, too, many servicemen want insurance protection which will continue on a permanent basis in their civilian life.

To supplement their government indemnity, countless servicemen are also buying commercial life insurance. But the sad shocking fact is that many of those servicemen are not getting their money's worth. Some are buying insurance haphazardly, without giving enough thought to the actual value of the policy they are signing. Others are victims of glib-tongued salesmen representing small, sometimes fly-by-night companies where the watchword is to get as much money out of the serviceman as possible.

Late last year a House Armed Services Subcommittee completed an exhaustive study of what it termed "the laxity, abuses and misconduct of agents and companies" selling commercial life insurance to servicemen. The committee members listened in stunned silence as they heard testimony which revealed that companies with "utterly inadequate assets," who often employed agents rarely qualified for their jobs, were loading down servicemen with "practically worthless" insurance.

Here are the facts you should know, before YOU buy insurance:

Fast-talking agents have persuaded some servicemen to buy a policy, the basis of which is an annuity (a fixed sum to be paid each year by the company). But attached to the policy was "an added life-insurance clause". The buyers didn't know that because of this clause, the insurance payments wouldn't become effective until after a stated number of years. Should the serviceman die before the clause started to work, there would be no protection for his beneficiaries.

Other policies have been sold which didn't even conform to the very minimum standards established by the insurance laws (the laws governing the

sales of commercial insurance in the States).

Still other unwatchful servicemen have been talked into buying policies in which the principal death benefit was not equal to the face value of the policy. This important fact was of course buried in the fine print of the policy. GI's buying this type of policy aren't getting their money's worth.

A young recruit at a West Coast camp was very worried about what would happen to him in service. To set his mind at ease he bought a \$5000 life insurance policy.

"Now the family is fully protected," he thought.

Sometime later he was dispatched to Korea and there, in battle, he was killed. The Defense Department notified the insurance company of this policyholder's death. Immediately the company set its legal minds into action to find a loophole by which they could avoid paying off the policy. The company issued a disclaimer of responsibility. They argued that the GI's policy application had not been received by their home office. This, despite the fact that the company had been regularly banking the GI's premium payments. Now, when they had to pay out money, they were suddenly raising this technicality. The company did return to the serviceman's family the premium money already paid into the policy but they refused to pay off the death benefits. The bereaved family flatly rejected this inadequate settlement and brought suit against the company. Fortunately the family regularly resided in the same state as the company's home office. Because of this, they finally won the case and the company had to come up with the cash. If the family had lived in some other state it would have been extremely difficult for them to make a case. The policy would probably have been worthless!

Therefore, it is essential that you buy from a company licensed to do business in your home state. In the event of any later litigation, your own state's insurance commissioner would have the power to step in and help you or your family win your lawful rights.

In other cases uncovered by the Defense Department it was found that servicemen were applying for policies when they had no tangible picture of the type of policy they were getting, nor were they aware of the amount of insurance or amount of their premium payments. (Continued on page 51)

Tommy that decided the outcome. Be the high command's plans good, bad, or indifferent, one factor remained certain. Against the tough, experienced German fighting men, came stubbornly determined Yanks and Limey fighting men, to win out in brutal, face-to-face combat. They were the ultimate victors, not the military "geniuses," theorists, or commanders.

It was typical at Salerno. When the landing craft neared the heavily defended beaches, German loudspeakers bellowed triumphantly out at them: "We've got you covered. Come ashore and surrender!" Flares shot into the dark pre-dawn sky, to light up the ominous beaches. German guns sited on the shore, opened up with a terrific roar.

The Americans and British came in, but not to surrender. They came in fighting and shooting, driving hard up the beaches, to grapple with their enemy. German planes, artillery, and machine guns raked the wide-open beaches. Landing craft lurched, shook, and sank under a storm of explosives and screaming rockets and shells. But more came on, undaunted. Men whose boats had been shot out from under them swam and waded ashore and, gasping in exhaustion, pushed stubbornly up the shore.

THE record of individual bravery and gallantry is far too long to repeat. Just for example, take Private Jim Logan. From behind a wall a German machine gun raked the spot he crouched. Three Germans, firing rifles as they came on, rushed out to finish him off. With rapid fire snapshooting he nailed all of them—one, two, three. Then he picked off the machine gunners. And then, using the German gun, he blasted several other kraut gunners as they fled from this one-man terror.

Or take Private Jim C. Jones. He found about 50 stragglers from decimated landing boat groups lying flat on the beach under a storm of fire. He took command led them up the beach, through a howling gale of flying steel. Then he led them, in dash after dash, to silence one machine gun post after another.

Or Sergeant Manuel Gonzales, pinned down by an 88 mm. gun firing pointblank, with kraut riflemen all around. He crawled on his belly through the stabbing, searching fire, while potato-masher grenades burst all around him. Then, close to the looming "88," he pitched grenades into the emplacement, to kill the entire gun crew.

Or take such heroic little units as the Rangers up north near Maiori, led by Lt. Col. Bill Darby. Their orders were to seize and hold high ground on the left flank of the invasion area, as an anchor for the

landings. They seized a commanding hilltop, and held it through day after day of furious counterattacks.

By nightfall the town of Salerno was taken. In their first battle, the men of the 36th Division had driven five miles ahead. The 45th Division had come ashore and had pushed miles inland too. That night it was to meet swarming German tanks and infantry head on, forcing its spearheads to withdraw. The vastly larger German forces were gathering, to try to drive the invaders into the sea. On the surrounding heights the Germans could look down the throats of the invasion force.

Five Panzer-troop divisions stabbed at the beachhead from every direction, while hordes of Nazi infantry pressed down from the hills all around. Salerno was pure misery.

By September 12th the whole perimeter of the beachhead was one roaring wall of fire and blazing battle. Kesselring had announced that he would drive the invaders into the sea. German bombers and attack planes roared over the area almost unopposed, despite the Allies' theoretical air superiority. Panzer spearheads drove into the middle of the beleaguered invasion force, trying to split it in half. German radio propaganda chortled the prediction that the whole operation was a ridiculous mistake, soon to be utterly smashed and "liquidated."

GIs and Tommies dug in and held on, while roaring waves of attack smashed at them. Their pitifully outnumbered units clawed desperately at whole divisions that came clanking and screaming at them in seemingly endless waves.

HASTILY, General Clark called back to the rear, back in Sicily, for reinforcements. Only an airdrop by the 82nd Airborne could possibly arrive in time to help at all.

The final catastrophe seemed to be a breakthrough at Persano. An enemy tank-led spearhead was pushing right into the rear areas, hardly two miles from the shore. The Americans had absolutely no reserve units with which to stop it. The 36th Division staggered back under repeated, massive assaults. Had Kesselring fully realized his opportunity, and rushed more troops in, the Germans probably would have annihilated the invaders. They had over 600 tanks at Salerno.

In the depth of this gloomy moment Clark spotted a critical hill right in the path of the breakthrough. This was soon to be known as Piccolo Peak, for a bitter-humor reason.

The only men not yet engaged in battle were those of a regimental band and some clerks, mechanics and truck drivers. The musicians were issued weapons and placed on

Piccolo Peak. The clerks, mechanics and truck drivers, plus six 37 mm. guns and crews borrowed from the 45th Division's 189th and 158th Field Artillery Battalions, dug in nearby.

This almost laughable mixture of GIs opened up on the approaching German tanks. Piccolo players blew a dance of death at the Huns, and clerks fired bullets and shells in their vehicles, while mechanics and truck drivers buried assorted hardware at them.

After several baffled and frightened thrusts, the Germans wavered, and then turned back, followed by blazing fire from the now enthusiastic amateur killers. The next morning planes of the 82nd's 504th Parachute Regiment came droving over, dropping their hell-for-leather paratroopers right into the lines.

The Germans were not yet licked. Their commanders drove them forward again and again, in constant attacks. But somehow the spirit seemed to have gone out of the Huns. They had struck with everything they had, only to be beaten back by a ragged, booted bunch of Yank amateurs. Then, on top of that, the terrible, laughing paratroopers of the 82nd—some of the toughest killers in history—had leaped on them from the sky.

It was too much. How could you defeat men who simply would not quit! Men who attacked when they should have surrendered! The grim, stubborn, tooth-and-claw resistance of the outnumbered Yanks took the heart out of the Germans.

To cap the climax for the Germans, next day, on September 14th, came the long-heralded Allied air assault. American and British planes in swarming squadrons blasted communication lines and supply dumps, while strafing planes ripped and tore, to and fro, over the German positions. The big guns of the warships in the bay, directed from the beachhead, hurled salvos of 15- and 16-inch shells onto the disheveled krauts. The effects of this combined bombardment were devastating. For the first time at Salerno the German superiority in men and material was overwhelmed by a greater weight of flying metal.

As a follow-up Clark ordered the 509th Parachute Regiment of the 82nd Airborne to drop near Avellino that night. This was the first paratroop drop behind enemy lines, and took heavy losses. Clark was criticized for such a hazardous decision. Very few paratroopers could break through back to the lines. But they hid in the hills, raising general hell with the German rear areas, and within two months 80 percent of them safely returned to the American lines.

Soon after, when Eisenhower came to visit the Salerno front, Clark recommended the relief of General Dawley from command of VI Corps. This action was intended to restore the self-confidence of the battered 36th and 45th Divisions. They had fought magnificently, but had suf-

feted from the uneven combat. Major General John Lucas was given command by Eisenhower.

In the week of constant savage fighting the casualty lists had grown to serious proportions. Actually the British sector had suffered heavier attacks than the Americans. British X Corps had lost 531 men killed, 1915 wounded, and 1561 missing. American VI Corps, with only half as many men as the British had there, had lost 228 men killed, 853 wounded, and 589 missing. Many of the men listed as missing in the confused mêlées later turned up safe and sound as units straightened themselves out.

Reconnaissance units reported that the Germans were withdrawing. The bloody fighting had cost them dear, many times heavier than the Allies. Almost every one of their divisions had been terribly mauled—the 16th Panzer Division, 15th Panzer Grenadier Division, Herman Goering Armored Division, 26th Panzer Division, 29th Panzer Grenadier Division, 3rd Panzer Grenadier Division, and many attached regi-

ments, battalions, and special units.

Began the endless, heartbreaking drive north up the rough Italian peninsula. It was to be a long, costly campaign, where every advantage of ground favored the Germans. But its ends could be foretold surely.

Salerno was the keynote. There the basic test of fighting men against fighting men had been made, once and for all. The result of that test had been plain, in dead and maimed men, blood, sweat, and pain.

There it had been made clear that the GI and the Tommy were better fighting men than the much vaunted "Herrenvolk." The American and Briton were more stubborn, more aggressive, tougher, and wiser than the German.

Man for man the German was whipped at Salerno—and he knew it. Whether or not the landing there was a wise command decision or not, that vital fact was proved. And that was more important than any command decision.

It foretold what was to be the outcome of the greatest war in history in letters of fire. •••

DIEPPE RAID (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

of Dieppe is just 64 miles south of the English coast town of Eastbourne, across the stormy English Channel. Dieppe is a resort town, flanked by other similar seaside towns—Varengeville and Pourville to the west towards Havre, and Berneval to the east near where the coast turns north to Boulogne and Calais.

ROUGH, QUIET CANADIANS, silent-moving in rubber soled boots, assembled quietly for the fateful raid. Combined Operations HQ, under the then Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, had planned the myriad details of the operation, working with General McNaughton, Canadian Commander in Britain, 2nd Division's C.O., Major General J. H. Roberts, would lead the actual attack.

The plan was simple in design, but complex in execution. Commandos were to land first, to silence big coastal batteries flanking Dieppe. The Royal Regiment of Canada would go in at Puits, and the South Saskatchewan at Pourville. Behind would come the Cameron Highlanders of Canada.

On the main Dieppe beaches would land the Canadian Essex Scottish, the Fusiliers Mount Royal, the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, and the 14th Canadian Army Tank Battalion. American Rangers would accompany each unit in the pre-dawn assault, to gain experience for later American landing operations. Pre-landing sea and air bombardment and protective fire to cover the withdrawal, were planned in intricate detail.

Aboard the ships plowing slowly across the channel, the men made themselves as comfortable as they could. Games of cards passed the tense, dragging minutes. Poker and "liar" games for small stakes helped to take men's minds off the coming ordeal. Others just sat quietly and waited.

Sad Corporal Peter McDonald of Toronto to Private George Smith of Collingwood: "Every man of the Royals will damn well know more about the map of Dieppe than about his own home town!"

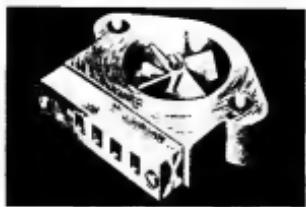
Smith grinned briefly. "Nobody would sleep through map-reading drill if a Nazi gun was waiting as the final test! The goddam Huns know the place well. We'd best know it too!"

One group of soldiers, gathered in a foc'sl, spent the time singing ribald songs—"Round Her Knee She Wore a Purple Garter," and other bawdy soldier songs.

Then, in shadowy darkness, "Action stations" sounded, and the men filed quietly to their assigned posts. One trooper's remark in the tense darkness spoke for all. "It's a good thing the other bastards are more scared than we are!"

THE MEN CROWDED silently into the square-bowed landing craft. Gunners around the Bren gun braced on a starboard thwart, crouched near their weapon. Through the shadows flashes and dull booms on the distant shore told of the preliminary air bombardment. The boats wallowed uncertainly for a minute on the choppy water, then turned and

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moved towards the open beaches.

On the far left flank, near Berneval, terrible luck struck the Commando unit boats there. By pure chance a German convoy happened to be passing by, hugging the shore. It was escorted by four heavily armed flak ships and several E-Boats.

Smashing fire from the flak ships tore the boats of the Commandos, wreaking horrible damage. This was a freak break for the Germans that no one could have predicted. The invading craft ran smack into the passing gunboats. Almost all the landing craft were sunk, and many helpless men burdened with arms and ammunition sank to death in the bullet and shell torn waters. Only one landing boat got to the shore.

Worse still, the uproar of gunfire near Berneval echoed down the other beaches. Forewarned, German trooper rushed to their defense posts at most of the other beaches.

Even so, the 20 men of the one boat at Berneval attacked their task force's target, in a breath-taking display of bravery. For four hours they duelled with the 200 Germans and big guns of the Berneval battery, inflicting great damage. Then they boldly re-embarked and withdrew, their mission accomplished.

Many men would have turned and fled at such a sickening turn of luck. Not the Canadians! Grim and pale-faced even under their black-cork-smudged camouflage, they came on against the alerted defenses.

Ramps crashed down and men streamed towards the few guilles and trails leading up from the beaches. Parties of Pioneer unit men pushed long pipes of Bangalore torpedoes under coils of barbed wire. Cracking explosions blasted lanes through the defenses. Panting troopers dashed through, and began to climb the cliffs and spread into the fields.

In their fortified howitzer positions the German gunners began to fire at the ships lying offshore. In reply the ships' big guns began to spit back. The supporting naval bombardment of Dieppe began, while the ground troops worked their way towards the town. Thunderous sound boomed and echoed across the cliffs and beaches.

Overhead, flights of cannon-firing Hurricanes darted at the cliff tops, stabbing at the gun casemates and machine gun pits. Higher up, lumbering Boston bombers spilled clusters of black bombs down on the fortifications. Running men yelled up at the heedless planes: "Give 'em hell! Blast the bastards!"

Out of the east, swarms of Nazi planes came racing to challenge the invaders. Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulf 190's, Dorniers, Junkers, and Heinkels, and Spifflies tangled in a swarming, howling melee of dogfights. Quite unexpectedly, the raid had stung the Luftwaffe into full scale action. It was to cost the Luft-

waffe dear in lost planes and pilots.

On the cliff tops and in the fields just beyond, many savage little duels blazed briefly as the Canadians, Commandos, and Rangers closed in on gun positions. Many a little epic fight took place that morning, with bullets, grenades, and bayonets.

One trooper, Private Donald Fursey, killed six Germans with one burst from his tommy gun. Another man, Troop Sergeant Major Stockdale of a Commando unit, had his foot blown away by a stick bomb, but kept on firing his gun as he lay terribly wounded. It was routine for men bleeding with serious wounds to go right on fighting.

Private Ralph Prentice, firing a mortar, was hit in the stomach by a sniper's bullet. He stayed at his weapon and kept firing. One of his shells struck a German ammo dump and blew it up with a roar that rocked the earth.

Private Joseph Spero, struck in the face and half-blinded by a shell fragment, charged a machine gun pit with his bayonet and killed three Germans with the cold steel.

All over the beaches and fields lay the huddled figures of dead and wounded men. Bloodsoaked Canadians, their eyes rolling with agony, tried to crawl forward to help their mates. That was how it was with the Canadians. Sweating with the normal human fear of death and of howling, tearing steel, they yet pushed forward. Bravery was taken for granted.

The Berneval battery, four and a half miles east of Dieppe, alerted by the chance action of the flak ships, did real damage to the naval force. It sank one destroyer and a number of landing craft. But it was kept busy by the few men who had reached shore. Otherwise it would have raised havoc with the exposed ships below it.

Near Puits, E-Boats attacked the Royals' boats. Destroyer fire drove off the E-Boats. But the guns ashore took a heavy toll of the charging Royals. The first wave was almost annihilated.

Captain J. C. H. Anderson, his head bleeding from shell wounds, kept firing a Bren gun from his boat. Follow-up waves of the Royals pushed doggedly up the beach while men fell like wheat cut by a scythe. Taking terrible losses, they stubbornly kept on, until they had taken their objective.

At Pourville, the South Saskatchewanians achieved complete surprise and stormed ashore almost unopposed. They were through the wire before the startled German defenders opened fire. Then enemy mortar and shell fire pounded them as their advance spearheads drove into the town itself. Dueling with the defenders, they opened the way for the Camerons of Canada to pass through and head for Dieppe as planned.

Lance Corporal Guy Berthelot typified the boldness of the South

Saskatchewans. He took command of a platoon when all its officers and non-coms were lost. Then led it in a charge, guns firing from the hip as they ran, to kill 29 Germans and capture a crucial hilltop.

The Camerons drove through, in a running fight two miles inland, killing Germans all along the way. Then they blasted their way out. Eighty percent of the Camerons fought their way back, many of them wounded.

For four hours the raiders shot and smashed their way through the thick defenses. Meanwhile, Royal Canadian Engineers led the assault at Dieppe itself. Then foot troops accompanied the Calgary Regiment's Churchill tanks in the assault right into the town.

There the Canadian Essex Scottish, Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, and French Canadian Fusiliers Mont Royal smashed into the fortress town. Guns in pillboxes, hotel windows, the Casino, and the Promenade smashed at their faces.

Through swirling smoke screens the Canadians drove forward against blazing volleys of fire. Tanks stopped on the beach or in streets kept firing as steel pillboxes. Cracking grenade and gunfire made a shambles, with dead and dying invaders and defenders scattered all through the burning town.

Raiders set fire to boats and barges with streams of bullets fired into oil tanks. Others destroyed the radio station and command posts. All the while they snatched military papers and maps, and herded terrified German prisoners back to the beach.

Typical of the fierce raiders was Lance Sergeant George Hickson of the Engineers. He led a platoon when the officers and non-coms were all killed or wounded, and stormed the Casino, the core fortress.

With dynamite charges he blasted through the walls. One of his charges blew in a steel door of a gun emplacement, killing the six-man gun crew. Then he blew up the 6-inch gun and several machine gun nests.

The Fusiliers Mont Royal and

Essex Scottish took heavy losses and inflicted worse on their enemies. It would take volumes to describe the dozens of acts of breathtaking courage and boldness of many men on that day of thundering battle.

But after four hours of shocking, brutal assault, all units of the raiders turned back, as ordered. Their mission accomplished, they each had to fight a way back, against swarming enemy reinforcements.

Drawn, exhausted men, fighting every step of the way, moved back to the beaches and re-embarked under ceaseless fire. They brought dead and wounded back with them, as best they could.

Once and for all they had punctured the myth of Hitler's Festung Europa. Despite all the Teutonic boasting, they had proved that the Nazi defenses could be pierced. They had put the fear of death and retribution into the hearts of the swag-gering, brutal German "overlords."

It had cost much—2,350 killed, wounded, and missing of the 5000 Canadians. Almost half of the raiding force were casualties, with the Canadians bearing the brunt.

Yet the great raid was a success. It was a "reconnaissance in force" that would insure the success of the final invasion—Operation "Overlord" in Normandy. There, too, the Canadians would storm ashore, this time to stay, together with their British and American comrades.

Lance Sergeant Pierce Sondstrom of the Royals summed up the feelings of all the Canadians, as the battered survivors rocked homeward bound across the channel.

"Bloody rough, it was," he said. "But we showed them what's what—and what's coming to them!"

And ashore, the stunned Germans felt uncertainty rising thickly in them. If they had been unable to destroy this raid, what would happen when the full might of the British, Canadians, and Americans were unleashed against them?

What happened then, all the world knows. The free men of the western world utterly destroyed the evil Third Reich.

The Canadians at Dieppe had showed them how. ■■■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

WAVE and SPAR, as well as the Military, Naval and Air Force Nursing Corps. The undeserved reputations of these wonderful women makes recruitment difficult, and stains the future honor of untainted girls by the thousand. Though much has been written attacking the slimy rumors that surround these services, the second-hand stories persist. THEY MUST BE ROOTED OUT.

As a result of a high percentage of patronage enjoyed by uncontrolled, illegal prostitutes, the venereal infection rate is rising daily. The thousands of servicemen, risk-

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military sex code will ever succeed. Thus, quite bluntly, it comes down to the choice—shall we give our servicemen women on a controlled basis, or shall we permit them to go and get it for themselves, without any workable restrictions or restraints?

LEAVE US LOOK at a typical case. Pvt. L——, after completing his basic training, was shipped to an outfit stationed in San Juan, P.R. He was a fairly nice boy. So for that matter, were his army friends. They tried as hard as they could to act like good soldiers, and good citizens. Pvt. L—— was engaged to a girl, back home in South Dakota.

But, not only were they good boys. Pvt. L—— and his friends were also extremely normal boys. Their barracks conversation was larded heavily with thoughts and discussions of women. They missed girls and they missed love. As their restriction grew, so did their sex desires.

On pass, one evening, they tried the local Red Cross club in the city, and frankly found it extremely dull. After a half an hour they left for more excitement.

A few drinks at a local pub, brought about the suggestion that they look for some women. Women are easy to find in San Juan. But the locales of such prostitutes are officially off limits. True, not once in a thousand times are such regulations enforced. But they can be, and this time they were. There was a raid, and Pvt. L—— and two of his companions were picked up.

The effect on the boy was overwhelming. For doing exactly what a hundred thousand other soldiers had done—without penalty—he was now saddled with "a record". It was on his permanent papers. He died a thousand mental deaths. What would his family think—and his girl? How could he face them now?

But L——'s troubles were not over. He emerged from a seven day confinement, and went straight to the hospital—a victim of VD. And what for? For doing what was the most natural and compelling thing in the world, in a manner that could easily have been prevented.

There are many arguments on both sides of the ledger.

The prime point brought against any proposal for legalized and formalized prostitution is the effect that it might have on the so called "good boys". And it's a fair argument. It has been the invariable practice among all human beings to make use of pleasant facilities placed at their service. There is little doubt that these "good boys", offered an opportunity, without hazard or moral stigma, would in large numbers avail themselves of it. Thousands of these boys, who might otherwise bring a purity to future marriage, would be, morally speaking, contaminated.

In regard to venereal disease, is it possible to control infection in a practical and efficient manner. Unless every single action was checked medically, the possibility of disease spread would increase. For after all, how often could even the best Medical Service check the women for infection? Once a week? Twice a week? Once or twice a day? Even so, what is there to prevent a prostitute from becoming infected within five minutes of her medical okay? If such were to happen, hundreds of men, using her in anticipation of safety would suffer needlessly. It would be difficult to persuade them that danger existed when they KNEW that the women were checked constantly and regularly. It would be an open invitation to let down the bars, let down the guard against a real scourge of mankind.

SOME OF THESE arguments can be attacked and others cannot. Nevertheless, we are faced with the decision as to whether or not we desire the greatest good for the greatest number. For standing against every point raised by the opponents of prostitution are other, equally persuasive points, favoring it. And neither the yeses or the noes are in direct answer to each other. They are rather points that stand beside each other. Unfortunately we can't have it both ways. We must choose one or the other.

Now, while there are unquestionably many thousands of "good boys" in the military services who would never, under ordinary circumstances subscribe to an unrestricted sexual life, there are others, millions of others, who will pursue women at all times. These are the men who pursue the local, illegal ladies of pleasure, chase madly after lasses in any vicinity, and often, under the most extreme pressure, act in an unwarranted manner in a wild desire for sexual relief. These men are going to have women, like it or not.

For them, supervised prostitution would be a boon. Certainly, their mothers, wives and sweethearts are not going to get back the same innocence they gave to the services. Under the present arrangement, these men have been wenching their way around the world. Nothing has been able to prevent it. Often, unpleasant situations have arisen in towns and cities, both here and abroad, as a result of the demands made by these men on local girls and women.

Local prostitutes, both the illegal ones in the United States, and the legal variety found in many countries abroad have gouged them, infected them, used them for purposes of intelligence against the interests of the United States, sabotaged them, and bled them dry.

Despite the potential of venereal infection that must undoubtedly exist wherever prostitution is encountered. REGARDLESS OF CONTROL MEASURES, it is also true

that constant medical supervision would be better than the complete lack of any anti-infection procedures now in existence. While there would be some disease, there would unquestionably be a great deal less. And in saving even a single source of infection out of every ten, the federal government would save millions of dollars annually, to say nothing of the gain in human assets.

At the present time, the Medical services of the military installations are practically helpless. They know what is going on, but what can they do. They can't treat the infected girls. They can't officially or even openly recommend the uninfect ed ones. They can and do attempt to notify GIs and Sailors about the sick prostitutes, but they have no practical methods of preventing their patronage. Certainly they can place the prostitute off-limits, but then—officially, all houses and women of that type are already legally off limits.

If the women were under government control, a system of availability would be extremely practical. An infected woman could be halted immediately upon discovery. She would not continue for week after week, spreading her scourge without any thought of protecting the servicemen. At the same time, the temptation to use the woman anyway, to gamble, merely because a man has gone to all the trouble of digging her up, visiting her, or because she is the only sex source that he knows, will be removed. The government would provide immediately available alternates.

It is true, beyond a shadow of doubt, that there are always prostitutes. Economics, social requirements and physical needs of men encourage the practice. So long as men are willing to go to great lengths, to pay hard earned cash in exchange for sexual favors, this profession will continue. The government, by using these women, would be neither making the girls into something they were not previously, nor encouraging a profession to exist that did not already exist on its own.

Naturally, some sort of control would be necessary, to keep temptation down to a minimum. Certainly no one would want young girls, immature and thoughtless teen-agers, or new converts to a disgraceful and sinful life. The women would have to prove that they both knew exactly what they were doing complete with all consequences of their acts, and the fact that they already were professionals, not starry-eyed children, lured by a chance for easy money.

PROBABLY THE MOST famous example of such supervision in an American Army, was the treatment accorded by the late General Patton in his Third Army area in the last war. While he never actually listed the houses, or encouraged their use,

he recognized that it would be almost impossible to prevent his troops from pursuing local women. So he worked with what he had. The houses, in the large cities under his control, were kept under constant watch. Prices were held to a regular scale, in France, that amounted to 200 francs. MP's patrolled the buildings to keep law and order, to search for AWOLs and deserters. Medical men checked the girls for disease. Every house listed the location of the nearest Prostation, and it was taken so much for granted that EVERY soldier was using the women, that a prophylaxis treatment was a required stamp on every pass issued.

Houses that did not meet standards were placed off limits, and strangely, the signs were respected.

Incidents in Third Army area were at an extreme minimum. The boys, satisfied, were not prone to molest the innocent girls and women of the cities. Women could walk the streets in perfect safety. At the same time, venereal infection in that area, was one of the lowest in all of Europe.

Contrast this situation with what happened as the combat zone line moved and ComZ took over. Immediately all houses were placed off limits and all control ceased. Overnight, prices doubled and tripled. The lines of GI's did not grow smaller, however. Disease rates increased sharply. Off-limits houses were patronized in increasing numbers, and incidents involving soldiers and local women increased sharply.

FROGMAN (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

Camp, and then to Underwater Demolitions School, in California. Bewildered, he had been taught to fight hand-to-hand, by tough Marine Drill Instructors. He had learned all the battle guile and fierce aggressiveness of the Marines. Then back to pure Navy, again, at U.D. School.

This first approach to Eniwetok was the easiest part, he thought idly, as he neared the dark bulk of the island. It would be six weeks yet before the vast invasion force hit the beaches here. He and the other men of his Underwater Demolitions Team had to prepare and clear the way for the Marines and G.I.'s who would storm this enemy sea fortress. He would be here again, himself, about ten days before the invasion. Then a third time, on the night before D-Day, too. And then hit the beach with the assault wave on D-Day itself.

"A nice assignment, this U.D.T. work!" he thought sarcastically.

About 100 yards offshore, he stopped swimming. Treading water, he rode the swells just outside the line where the breakers foamed

over the outer coral reef. Only his head above water, he studied the shadowy beach. He could see surprisingly well in the moonlight. If there were sentries or guard posts along his sector of the shore, they were well concealed.

He swam to the edge of the reef, and gingerly paddled across it. When the assault wave hit it, the tide would be high enough to let the landing boats ride over the reef. He made a mental note of that fact. It was important—a matter of life or death for many men whom he never would know.

Hissing of low surf rolling onto the beach mingled with the whisper of a soft breeze and faint rustling of palm branches beyond the sandy beach. It would have been a fascinating, romantic night, in peace-time, he thought.

He pulled the graph-paper clipboard off his leg, and snapped it onto his left arm. Took a grease pencil from his sheath, and began to make marks on his map. There, under a palm frond, a squat square outlined told of a pillbox. He marked its position on his map.

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MICHAEL MORSE

(Signature of Managing Editor)

Signed and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1956. M. H. Chadwick, (My commission expires March 30, 1957.)

Now of course, none of this proves anything. Merely recording a series of incidents tells nothing more than what happened at one place at one time. It cannot be drawn out to fit a universal problem. It does give food for thought. It does allow a starting point for free and open debate.

It's a tough job to face up to this kind of thing. No one wants to see people hurt. No one wants to see good boys suffer. But no one wants to see our present, unrestricted, uncontrolled, sexual misconduct continue, either. Something must be done. The question is what?

Is prostitution, under government sponsorship, the cure? We make no pretense of saying flatly, that it is. But we do insist that it is a solution worth considering. •••

There, off to the right a bit, a roundish mound indicated a gun pit. He moved a little closer. A long gun barrel jutted over it, close to the ground. Nearby were other emplacements, probably for machine guns, to sweep the beach. He marked them carefully on his map. The pre-invasion aerial bombardment would take more than ample care of them.

Carefully he swam and waded back and forth across his beach sector. Ominous mines bobbed in the water, their horns ready to set off a blast on contact. Metal boat traps loomed silently under the shallows. Trip wires etched faint lines along the sand. Each was marked quickly and carefully on his map.

Once, a trouncing noise on the beach froze him into icy rigidity. A figure was coming along the beach—then another. He crouched in the warm shallows. Two Japanese sentries went by. He could hear them talking casually as they went by. That had been close!

His wristwatch showed 3 o'clock. Time to start back. If he missed the pickup boat, that would be just too bad for him. That was why he had been given the cyanide capsule.

If he missed the pickup, the boat probably could not risk another run to search for him in the darkness. That might tip off the whole invasion approach. If he "missed the boat," the choices left for him were simple and plain. He could swim out to sea until the sharks or squid got him. Or he could swim ashore and try to survive like an animal in the bush. That was damn unlikely on a small island like Eniwetok. No place to hide!

Surrender to the Japs was ruled out. They would torture the facts out of him, and slaughter the invaders when the Americans stormed ashore. So—the cyanide capsule! "Doesn't hurt a bit!" he thought grimly. "Well, the hell with that! Let's make the pickup!" He swam steadily away.

It was nearly dawn when he reached the pickup line, over a mile



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away from the beach. He could see the heads of other men of the U.D.T. detachment bobbing in the water. He took his place in the strung out line, and waited.

Out of the gray-blackness the P.T. Boat came rushing towards them. As it came near he could see the pickup man seated on the bow of the pickup boat. A heavy leather loop was swung around his shoulder and trailed down over the side.

As the boat neared him, rushing along at nearly 30 knots, he raised one arm over his head, elbow bent. The loop would catch his rigid arm, yank him up, and pitch him bodily into the boat as it went by. It all depended on Jim Purvis, the big pickup man, to catch him like a fish, and swing him aboard the speeding boat.

"Whack!"

His arm seemed to be pulled by a giant force, almost wrenched off his shoulder. The loop had caught. He was pulled flat, breathlessly. Then flung through the air in an arc, to crash down against the padded side of the boat. He lay there for moment, half stunned. Then clambered quickly back, to make room for the next man to be flung aboard.

"Visit number one is nearly over—thank the Lord!" he thought to himself. The boat turned and rushed out to sea, towards the destroyer escort that waited for them. There the Intelligence officers would take his maps, and question him as to what he had seen.

He relaxed slowly. "Nice night for a swim," he said to the wet, tired man next to him.

FOUR WEEKS LATER, on another bright moonlight night, Dave Gould was swimming in at the beach on Eniwetok again. This was no mere reconnaissance trip, this time. He was heavily burdened with blocks of explosives, and containers of plastic explosives. Wires, detonators, and sub-surface buoys trailed behind him. This was a "business trip."

As he neared the underwater mines he swam right up to the deadly metal balls. On their horns he taped blocks of TNT, and fastened lead wires. Some of them he disarmed, his fingers deft and sure as he unscrewed detonators. Any mistake would blow him to shreds, but he worked quickly and skillfully, tense with nervous anxiety.

On the underwater tank traps he taped high explosive charges or pressed blobs of plastic explosives. Fastened lead lines to quivering trip wires. Unreel electric lead lines and trip lines. Strung them out into the deep water beyond the reef.

Busily he worked in the phosphorescent waters, connecting his lead lines to the marker buoy, floating just beyond the reef, under the surface. Then anchored the buoy, ready for the electric plunger detonator to be attached on the night before D-Day.

His underwater demolitions all set and ready, he turned towards the beach again. Intelligence HQ wanted him to find lanes of access off the beach and into the island. He cursed bitterly as he came up to the beach, and strode cautiously towards the tree line.

"What the hell do they want," he thought bitterly, "my blood?" But he went on.

Crossing the beach, he felt his skin crawl with fear. There were anti-personnel mines under the sand, not yet set off by bombardment. Any one of them might rip his naked legs into bloody tatters.

Up the beach, and into the trees. He moved like a shadow from tree to tree. Then an open space. He saw a narrow road. Marked it on his map. Saw a group of buildings back of a clear space. Barracks for the Japs! An attack down the road would run right into them. He noted the flat, open areas, good for flanking attacks.

Voices floated down the still air to him. The place was crawling with Japs. He had pushed his luck far enough. Silently he returned to the beach and started back towards his pickup line. It was near dawn when the rushing P.T. Boat picked him up again.

"Another day, another dollar," he remarked wearily to one of his team mates as their boat roared out to sea.

* * *

D-DAY WAS tomorrow morning. Off the shores of Eniwetok a vast fleet of American ships lay in the darkness. Thundering guns of warships made the night one roaring bedlam of sound and flashing, flaring lights of shellfire. Glowing projectiles streaked towards the island, to land in dancing, flickering eruptions. Deep in their dugouts and pillboxes the Japanese defenders cowered, as all hell raged roaring above them. Hour after hour the bombardment went on.

Aboard one troop transport, the Middleton, Dave Gould talked earnestly with the Marine platoon leaders whom he was to guide onto the beach.

"Get up the beach and through the narrow strip of woods fast," he urged. "Set your machine guns up damn fast. Then you can sweep the road and open space in front of the barracks—what's left of them. That's as far as I can lead you. Beyond that, it's up to you guys."

"Rodger dodger," answered a sergeant. "How come you didn't go into the barracks and map them too, frogman?"

"Your father's mustache!" said Gould. "What the hell do you guys want? Egg in your beer?"

In the landing craft, Gould crouched near the helmsman. He was not naked this time. Helmet, pistol, ammo belt, and full combat kit, ready for the assault. A frogman's work is not done until the beachhead is taken.

He pointed out landmarks and guided the helmsman as the boat neared the reef. Overhead, screaming shells passed, bound for the shore, to keep the Japs down in their holes.

Just outside the reef the lead boat slowed almost to a stop. Gould stripped quickly. Picked up his plunger detonator, and dove into the green water. In nerve-tingling haste he searched for the marker buoy.

There it was! Treading water while sky and sea trembled under the bellowing cannonade, he fastened the lead wires to the electric detonator box. Pushed the plunger down, hard.

Before him, the whole beach seemed to erupt in one vast boiling wall of water, coral fragments, and pieces of flying metal. It was done. The way was open.

Eager hands hauled him from the water, back into the boat. There was no time for self-congratulation. Hastily he pulled on his combat clothing, over his wet skin. Buckled on his ambo belt and put his heavy steel helmet on his dripping hair. Checked the clip in his gun.

The first wave was coming in. He signalled with his hand. "Okay. All clear. Come on in!" His boat led the way, crunching onto the sand.

Silence seemed to shout suddenly at him. The bombardment had lifted off the beach. Then it began again, deeper inland, as his boat touched shore. Flights of planes screamed in, overhead, raking the battered area beyond the beach with bombs and guns. Only shattered stumps remained of the trees he had seen all along the shore.

From the pulverized trees and from half-buried pillboxes sprouts of flames flickered out, and crackling sounds spat venomously. The Japs were still there, shooting at the invaders. Roar and counterroar boomed along the shore. Sudden geysers of sand, dust and water flared and fell—mortar shells, bursting all up and down the beach.

"Down Ramp!"

Men came leaping out of one boat after another as their ramps crashed open on the sand. His platoon of Marines, gathered in a group, looking expectantly towards him.

"That way—around the side of the pill box!" He yelled and pointed. His voice was drowned in the roar, but his hand signal was plain. The men ran heavily up the beach, and dove to earth in the edge of shattered tree stumps.

"Whap-p-p."

His leg seemed to be pulled out from under him. Dull ache in his left leg, near the knee. He pulled himself half erect. He was down on the ground. Bright red patch near his left knee. Throbbing ache in his left thigh. He was hit.

For a moment his mind seemed blurred and hazy. Automatically he yanked his first aid packet from his belt. Wrapped the dressing around

his leg, over the bloody trouser leg. Something stung and bit in his thigh muscle. A fragment of steel!

He couldn't stay on the beach. faintly he heard a voice above the noise: "Goddamit! Gould, where the hell are you?"

Panting, he pulled himself erect, and stood up. No bones broken. anything.

"No bones broken, Dave." He was talking to himself. "You can navigate, boy! Get moving! Get off this damned beach!"

He hobbled heavily up the slope, and into the tangle of fallen trees. Inched forward to the edge facing the road and open space. Marines were crawling through it, moving forward.

In front of him two men were setting up a machine gun on the ground. He fell down beside them, just as one of them suddenly grunted and fell back, still and staring. The other man stared at him, and at his dead buddy, in dazed surprise.

Gould pulled himself into position behind the gun, and peered down its barrel. "Good field of fire," he thought, "right across the flat."

"Snap out of it, Mac!" he spat at the dazed assistant machine gunner. "Keep the belt feeding smooth. They'll be coming any second now."

Someone down the line yelled in a high, excited shriek: "Here they come!"

Across the open field a running line of men came quickly towards them. Then more and more—hundreds of them. An officer led them, swinging his glittering samurai sword in circles over his head. They were screaming hysterically as they came.

"Banzai charge," Dave remarked, as if watching it at a movie. "Keep that feed belt smooth!"

He squeezed the trigger, and swung the machine gun from side to side in sweeping arcs. It stuttered into a long, tearing burst—*bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub*—

Men were falling, out in the flat. Still others came on, endlessly, screaming like maniacs. The gun clattered on and on—*bep-bep-bep-bep-bep-bep*—

A red glow began to show as the barrel became overheated. It grew redder, as the gun hammered on and on—*bub-bub-bub-bub-bub*—

No time to change barrels now. The barrel seemed to quiver and squirm as he sighted along it. It could not last much longer.

Then they were gone! Disappeared, as though they had evaporated. The field was full of twisted, sprawled bodies. Dully, Gould wondered how many his gun had killed. He felt sick and faint. Nausea welled up in his chest. His leg suddenly hurt like hell. It was getting dark. Queer, getting dark so early in the morning! Whirling, roaring noise in his head. He fell forward. Dark---dim---dark.

Dave Gould woke up aboard

the Middleton, two days later. He had been carried back by corpsmen. His leg was sore and a bit stiff, but not crippled. Aside from loss of blood, shock, and exhaustion, he was intact. "Able to fight another day!" the medic told him sarcastically.

And so indeed it was to be. Dave Gould was to go in again and again with the U.D.T.—at Kwajalein, Palau, Leyte, and other bitter beaches.

Quietly, without glamor or glory, he was to do, again and again, the hardest, most dangerous job that any man can do—the job of the combat frogman.

Glory didn't interest this quiet, smiling young man from the big city. He was to return to New York a Chief Petty Officer, eager to return to the work of production rather than destruction.

Dave Gould lives in a quiet apartment on Riverside Drive now, high above New York's Hudson River. Like so many Americans, he is utterly unimpressed with his own deeds. "Look," he says, "the war was a dirty job that had to be done. So we did it. I was suited for frogman combat, so that's what they put me in. That's all."

He works quietly, hard, and efficiently for American Car and Foundry Company now, as a Fabrication Superintendent. Doesn't expect ever to get rich, but takes good care of his wife and five year old daughter. Goes to Campbell Inn, in the mountains at Roscoe, New York, for summer vacations. Teaches his daughter Karen, and the other kids there, how to swim, in the cool, spotless swimming pool.

Dave can't swim underwater much, nowadays. One eardrum was punctured by an underwater mine burst in the Philippines, in his last battle.

Life can be wryly ironic, though, even in times of peace, for the "quiet man" kind of fellow like Dave Gould. Last spring he was strolling with Frances, his wife, along a walk in Riverside Park, one evening. Six young juvenile delinquents stalked them, as easy game for a quick mugging and robbery. Dave is not a big man, and doesn't look or act tough.

But when the six young hoodlums surrounded them, Dave Gould remembered the deadly hand-to-hand lessons of his war days. Within a minute three of the young punks were lying unconscious on the ground, one was cowering in Dave's grip, and the others were running in terror.

That is Dave Gould, an average looking fellow, now in his early thirties. Quiet, hard-working, family man, with no liking for violence. Dave Gould—like so many other peaceful Americans, Salt-of-the-earth men, to whom duty, honor and courage are "taken for granted" things.

Quiet men, who make America great.



TAIL GUNNER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

"Pilot to crew. Pilot to crew. All positions report in."

We all signed in that everything was normal. Everybody, that is, but the tail position.

"This is the pilot. What's going on back there, Bob? Everything okay?"

I looked back past the junk into the tail. I could see Bob hunched over his twin fifties, working on them. I could also see that his intercom plug wasn't hooked in . . .

Quickly I punched my throat mike. "This is the waist, everything's okay in the tail. Looks like he's got a jam on one of his guns. He's working on it now. But he's okay."

"Over and out."

I breathed easier as I watched Bob struggle into his face mask and adjust the oxygen intake dial.

THE TARGETS WERE the sub-pens at Lauriën, France, but we weren't even half way there, when the flak started blossoming up beside the formation. One black puff exploded right under our wing and the aircraft rocked as if shaken by a giant hand.

The shrapnel bounced off the skin of our bomber like hail on a tin roof. We lost our number four engine right over the target, but nobody paid any attention, because we were swinging away from that fatal corridor. Then the calls started to come through the intercom.

The whole crew started talking at once then, and I looked over at the other waist gunner, Gary Weins. He stuck his thumb up and so did I. Everything was okay in the waist. Then I looked back at the tail. Bob seemed to be slumped over his guns.

The hole must have been a foot long. A long tear in the skin of the ship. Just over his head. Through the opening I could feel the wind whistling by. He shoved something toward me . . . something long and thin and silvery. A piece of flak. The sharp pointed edge stuck in my glove as I picked it up. I didn't say anything, but I understood. The flak had busted through the aluminum like water through a bag, and then had smacked against an ammo box by Bob's head. One inch either way and we'd have to scrape his brains off the floor.

THEY CAME IN out of the sun. Black-gray shapes that suddenly hurtled through what was left of our formation, spouting death and destruction in their wake. Another Fort went down. Then they queued up for another attack.

And they picked us out as their target . . .

Because of the coked out engine, we were straggling behind the formation. And a straggler to a

Focke-Wulf is like red rag to a bull.

There were five of them. But when they finished their next pass there were only three of them. They came blasting down toward the top of our bomber, and Len Kurtz, our top turret gunner fought them every yard of the way. I cracked them with my fifty, watching them lob 20mm shells from their nose cannon at the Fort.

"Pick 'em up, tail . . . they're coming your way!"

That was Len yelling, but Bob didn't answer. All I could hear was the steady racketing of those twin 50s of his. And then there was a roar from the top turret.

"He got two of them. Bob got two more. One's going down on the deck smoking . . . it just crashed! And the other exploded after one burst!"

I leaned out of the waist and followed the debris down. The pilot was still in the burning and smouldering piece that was the cockpit. And he couldn't get out. Fear and panic etched his face as the flames licked up at him. Then there was nothing. Just a puff of smoke where there had been a man. Bob was deadly with those machine guns.

And the Germans seemed to sense it too. For they forgot about the rest of us. They were going to battle it out with this tail gunner who had just knocked down two of their buddies. It was a personal battle now. Just a tail gunner and three Focke-Wulfs.

It was like sitting in on a broadcast of a baseball game. Len from his position in the top turret gave us a blow by blow description of the action over the intercom while we waited at our guns and hoped the Germans would drift into our field of fire.

"They're lining up now . . . the first one's peeling off . . . here they come."

Then the sharp noise of explosions as the Folke-Wulfs let go with their wing guns and Bob's answering fire.

The Fortress shook as 20mm shells exploded against the fuselage . . . slowly it righted itself and continued. The battle in the rear continued . . .

"They've pulled up again . . . the last one is smoking in the nacelle . . . must have put a slug in the engine . . . it's leaving . . . heading for the deck . . . that leaves two!"

In the waist, we shook our fists at the ceiling . . . and wondered how long Bob could go on . . . and dish it out . . .

"Here they come again . . . no machine guns this time . . . just those damned cannon . . ."

Again the Fortress shook in distress as the shells exploded. But we were still flying. Almost to our own lines now . . .

"Lost a piece of the tail fin . . . hey! look at that! Get him, he's going by the waist!"

But there was no need to get him! He was done for . . . the power of the 50s had torn a wing off, and what was once a plane was now a coffin went hurtling by, spinning, twisting, burning . . . then exploding.

One to go!

Again the announcer's voice in the intercom: "Here he comes . . . that cannon is blinking like a stop light. He's not even trying to hit anything but the tail now . . . he's got the range now! Hang on! He's closing in . . ."

We hung on all right . . . and then we heard the crash! Something had struck squarely in the tail. Something sharp . . . like a 20mm shell. We tensed as we waited for the explosion . . . and waited . . .

"Here come the Thunderbirds! He's taking off . . . heading West!"

The enemy fighters had left us . . . we were safe . . . and still flying . . .

I sensed the commotion in the tail before I saw the figure edging toward me. It was Bob . . . without oxygen . . . moving like a zombie toward the waist. And holding something in his hand . . . something I didn't believe . . . I still don't . . .

I started to slap him on the back in exuberance, it isn't every day a gunner knocks down four Nazis, but he cut me off with a look . . .

"I've had it . . . and I mean . . . this is the last time . . ."

Then he handed me something cylindrical . . . a 20mm shell . . .

He was incoherent now . . . just babbling and babbling . . .

"Right in my lap . . . it landed right in my lap! And I was glad . . . happy. I waited for it to explode . . . to go off . . . to end it all . . . but nothing happened! NOTHING!"

He was screaming now, and I guess I didn't blame him. Didn't really blame him for what he did next either . . .

He moved to the escape hatch and hit the release. The door flew out and went hurtling across the sky. Bob turned for one last look at the shell, then at the waist of the bomber, and then at me . . .

"Can't go on . . . let them do what they want . . . don't care anymore . . . don't give a . . ."

Then he was gone. Out the hatch. I watched him fall. Down. Down . . . Down. And then the puff of white and his chute was open . . . then I lost him in a cloud . . .

I don't know what happened to Bob Perlow after that. We tried to find him, to trace him, but nothing ever turned up.

The war has been over for a long time now. Almost twelve years. But I'm still looking for him. Got a present for him. A real fancy looking cigarette lighter. Made from a 20mm shell. A present for a floaked up flyer. Who went as far as he could and just couldn't go on . . .



GI SUCKER TRAP (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

Some GI buyers have been persuaded that the dividend illustrations the agents showed them were guarantees of the actual money their family would receive. The fact was they were only rough estimates. The payments might very well be less than they were led to believe.

Some slick companies have cleverly tried to trick servicemen buyers into thinking their outfits were government sponsored or approved. They purposely picked as a title for their company a name similar to that of government agency. Guileless buyers took the company at its word without taking the time to check into the company behind the high-sounding title.

Watch out for those small-print gimmicks! The policy itself may seem very practical on the surface, but read on. Make sure there are no special clauses which could easily affect any later claims. Such gimmicks as the War Clause, which declares that if the policyholder is killed in combat, only the premiums will be paid to his beneficiaries. Beware also of geographic limitation clauses or aviation exclusion provisions. These special clauses weaken the value of the policy. If any of them are present in the policy, this should be plainly indicated on the document, not buried amidst confusing words where they can be easily overlooked.

Grinning, syrupy-voiced salesmen have cornered GIs at embarkation points or on military posts and quickly talked them into buying extravagant amounts of insurance, much more than they actually needed. Of course, this means that the buyer will have to pay high premiums. Often the policies were tied in with the pay allotment method. Through this, the serviceman agrees to let the premium payments be deducted automatically from his pay each month. This is an easy and convenient way to make sure your insurance payments are maintained. Remember, however, that you won't have this convenience when your service time is up. If you're rashly overbought, you'll still have the high premiums to pay when you doff your uniform. Then the money won't come so easily. Countless servicemen who have overextended themselves have had to default on the policies later on.

A reputable agent will sit down with you and freely and carefully discuss the policies he has to offer. He won't want to make a quick sale or put something over on you. Working together, you can both evolve a policy, to your needs.

First, remember that the basic purpose of a life insurance policy is protection. The policy should adequately defray the cost and losses which will arise for your family if you die. Ask if the policy will pro-

vide the amount your family will need. Insist on seeing all of the policies he has which will provide approximately the same protection you want. Check into each policy's advantages and disadvantages. If you cannot afford to spend too large a sum for premiums, just cover the most important needs first; the others can be cared for later when you are able to afford them.

New York State's Superintendent of Insurance suggests, "Before a serviceman actually signs up for any life insurance policy, he should contact several agents and it is possible secure a comparison of net cost between companies as well as financial figures from publications such as: Best's Dividend Illustrations, Flintcraft Compend and Best's Life Insurance Reports, 1955. Many agents have copies of these publications or can locate them."

In estimating what your family's cost and losses will be so that you will provide enough insurance for them, these factors must be considered:

Immediate expenses—These will include any medical and funeral costs, any outstanding bills, loan payments still due and instalment debts. Also legal expenses for the settling of your estate.

The mortgage—Here you need to provide enough money to cover as much as possible of the balance that will need to be paid on your home mortgage. Perhaps your wife may want to sell the house instead. Then your policy should leave her with enough cash to cover the mortgage payments for about a year's time so that she will be able to sell without pressure and at the best price. A very practical means available for solving the mortgage problem is the reducing-term-insurance policy. Its premiums are quite low because the amount of insurance is reduced each year as is the balance on your mortgage.

Living income—You need to provide enough money for your family to live on, especially while the children are growing up. When estimating this, it is best to figure that the children will be included until they reach the age of 18. Also remember that with you gone, living expenses for the family will be that much less. Taxes will be lower as will food and clothing outlays. There will also probably be some social security due your wife, if you have young children. You and your wife should work out a budget of what income she would need should she be left alone.

Emergency money—This includes provisions for sudden illnesses, an income for your wife after the children are grown up and some money for college education of the children.

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When ours were all gone, my platoon turned and ran back down the hill. We had no ammo and no grenades. Behind us, voices screamed mockingly "Come back, GI! You 'fraid? Come back, GI!"

We found Captain Wallace down at the foot of the hill. His face was all cut on one side. Part of his ear was gone. He told us where to load up on more ammo.

While we were breaking open ammo boxes we talked about the Chinks. This was the first time Chinamen had appeared. Nobody had believed that they would come in. But they were here, all right.

Only a few days before, Gen. MacArthur had flown to Wake Island for a conference with President Truman. The radio, and Stars and Stripes, had told of MacArthur's positive assurance that the Chinese would not butt in. They had butted in, though. They were right on top of us.

"For all we know the whole goddam Chink army is here now," one of the men said. "And the goddam Russians, maybe," added another.

Back on the hill the other platoons were still busy, judging by the noise of gunfire there. We hurried to load up and start back. As we labored up the hill again the noise died away. It was getting dark.

When we reached the saddle hollow, up on the ridge we settled down for the night. If we had known how many Chinks were around us we would have gotten out of there and stayed out. Machine guns were firing up on the second knoll. Red tracers streaked past us.

When it was full dark the firing stopped. It was very cold. Some men crawled into their bedrolls and sat up in them I was afraid to do that. We had heard how zippers jammed sometimes, trapping men helplessly.

All of a sudden a voice sounded near me. "Don't shoot! Me South Korean GI Hubba Hubba." Then Sergeant Gross yelled "Gooks!" and his gun blazed right next to my ear. A dark figure fell right in front of me. It was a Chinaman.

Everybody was running around in crazy confusion. Sergeant Gross yelled to us to form a circle and get grenades ready. We all flopped down, hugging the earth. Potato mashers came flying up from the brush around us. We heaved grenades down, in reply. Explosions roared all around us.

The man next to me grunted heavily, after one explosion. Then he was still, I reached over and touched his back. It was wet and sticky. My fingers were all bloody. In the moonlight my hand looked black with the blood. I rubbed my hand on the rough grass, trying to clean it.

A loud whistle sounded down below us. As it stopped, a shadowy line of figures sprang up and came running upslope towards us. We heaved grenades. One of mine hit a Chink right in the chest. I heard him gasp

as the heavy iron ball hit him. Then it exploded, at his feet. His shadow seemed to spin around, like a ballet dancer, then he tumbled back, down the hill. I used to pitch for my high school baseball team.

The Chinks kept trying to rush us, always starting with a whistle blast. We stopped them with machine gun, carbine and M1 fire, four or five times. Sergeant Gross said "If the stupid bastards only keep blowing that whistle every time, we can keep this up all night."

After the fifth rush our one machine gun was sputtering badly. It was overheated, and the barrel was nearly burned out. We didn't have extra barrels. The BAR's had no ammo left, and we were out of grenades. There were only a few rounds left for the mortar.

Lying there on the ground, I was scared down to my insides. I prayed silently to myself. There was a dead GI on my left, and little Brasfield, a colored kid on my right, was muttering "No more grenades. Wish we had some grenades!"

Another rush started. The whistle blast seemed to stab right through my ears. We fired rifles and carbines. Brasfield raised up to fire, and suddenly froze. I heard "thud-thud-thud-thud..." hit his chest. A burp gun had caught him right across the body.

Lt. Wethered shouted "Move back, down slope. Get moving!" Somebody grabbed Brasfield, threw the little fellow over his shoulder, and started carrying him back. The little guy was still alive. I heard him talking to the man who was carrying him. It seemed unbelievable.

We stumbled and slid part way down the hill. Once I fell, and was the last man in the little group, as I struggled back to my feet. Panic almost got me that time. To be left behind, alone, was horrible. I ran heavily, and caught up with the others. Then burp gun fire ripped near us—brr-r-r-p, brr-r-r-r-p, and the lieutenant yelled "Hit the ground, here!"

There weren't many of us left in the bunch—not more than ten or twelve, in my platoon. We formed a circle again, behind rocks, lying flat on the ground. Voices talking Chinese sounded, now and then, up the hill, and out to one side. Some of the wounded men we had brought down with us were groaning.

One man, next to me, was scrapping for ammo for his BAR. He gathered a few rounds. Then he couldn't work the bolt. It was frozen shut. He urinated on it, and when it was warm, got the bolt working again.

Off to one side a loud whirring noise sounded, startlingly close. It was like a party noisemaker. Lt. Wethered whispered "Don't fire! Don't waste any bullets on noise! Wait until you see something."

It was midnight. Nobody even tried to rest. We talked little, waiting for what came next. Somebody

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asked "What happened to that new kid from Chicago?" Nobody knew. They didn't even know the names of some of the replacements who had come up in the past couple of days.

I hoped that if I got hit, at least somebody would remember my name. Bob Forhan was not there. Somebody said "He got it, up the hill." That was all. He had been friendly to me the night before. Now he was gone. That was how it was.

Lt. Wethered whispered to us to get ready to move again. We couldn't just sit there and wait to be batched. We picked up our guns, and got ready to go again, single file. The lieutenant told Sergeant Gross to lead, while he stayed at the end of the little line, covering our retreat.

Quietly, we started. It was very still. As we trudged heavily downhill, I remember thinking how much noise our boots made on the frozen ground.

Out of nowhere a bright orange ball blazed, right in front of me. A blast of air hit my face, spitting dust into my eyes. Something punched me in the stomach—hard. I staggered back. It was a grenade, bursting in mid-air.

Roars and shouts echoed around me. I fell back, and doubled up, gasping. Nausea rushed up in my chest, and I couldn't breathe. My stomach felt warm and wet. Half-dazed, I knew—I had been hit.

Somebody grabbed my arm, and yanked me to my feet. He pulled my arm around his neck. From far away his voice sounded: "Hang onto me! Hang on me!" His arm was around my back, and we were half-staggering, half-falling down the hill. My legs seemed to move by themselves, like something separate from me.

Noises and roars banged and echoed. I was sick. We plunged and staggered, gasping. I retched suddenly, and something warm ran out of my mouth, down my chin and under my collar. The warm wetness at my stomach was trickling down my

groin. Yet, for some reason, there was no stinging pain. My stomach felt numb, warm, and wet.

Time stood still. For hours, it seemed, we dragged and stumbled, downhill. Then we were at a road. It was flat and hard, underfoot. Many men were there—maybe thirty—all that were left of B Company.

A truck was there too, big, square and black in the moonlight. Somebody heaved me up into the back of it. I never did find out who carried me to the road.

In the truck I collapsed on the hard floor. There were other men there. Someone was pulling my clothes open, at my stomach. A sharp sting in the arm told me of a needle, or a plasma tube—I don't know which.

Whirring noises sounded in my ears, and my eyes got very heavy. Hazy darkness got thicker and thicker, and spinning dizziness whirled in my head.

Then—nothing.

I awoke hours later. The truck was jouncing and rolling. Light shone through the tarpaulin cover at the tail gate. A medic sat at one side, watching over me and the other men on the floor of the truck. He grinned when he saw me staring at him.

"Feeling lousy, aren't you?" he remarked.

I sure was—empty, sore, sick, and bewildered.

He went on quickly. "Don't try to talk, bud. You've had it, but you'll be okay. We're heading south for Pusan and the field hospital. It'll be a long ride, so try to sleep if you can."

I closed my eyes and dozed heavily. "A hospital" sounded good. What a clean, peaceful word! My face was stiff with crusted filth, and cold.

It was all over. All in one day!

I wondered dully. Would the men left in B Company even remember my name? ● ● ●

I FOUGHT THE AMERICANS AT MIDWAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

Late in May, all our task forces sortied from their bases, and headed east, to the attack. En route, we picked up a code message sent by an American submarine, apparently warning Midway of our approach.

In our Carrier Striking Force, we were not a bit concerned about it. We could not decode the message. But we nonchalantly reasoned that it served our purpose. After all, we wanted the Americans to come out and fight. We had the foolish vanity of self-delusion.

My Group was so powerful that we feared nothing. In it were Carriers *Akagi*, *Kaga* (my vessel), *Hiryu*, and *Soryu*, the mightiest air-

craft carriers afloat. With us were Battleships *Hatsuse* and *Kirishima*, plus Cruisers *Chokuma*, *Tone*, and *Nagara*, eleven destroyers, and several submarines. Not far away, in Admiral Yamamoto's force, were Battleships *Yamato*, *Mutsu*, and *Nagato*, Light Carrier *Hosho*, Cruiser *Sendai*, Seaplane Carriers *Chiyo* and *Nishio*, and nine more destroyers. We outnumbered any possible American fleet then known to be in the Pacific.

In fact, we later learned that the American forces at Midway consisted of about 2000 infantry ashore, plus Carriers *Hornet*, *Enterprise* and *Yorktown*, with seven or eight

cruisers, thirteen or fourteen destroyers, and a few submarines. This task force waited to the northeast of our invasion track, ready to hit us on the flank.

Late in the day, on June 4th, as we neared Midway, we received reports of air attacks on the southern transport group. Our high optimism began to fade. It was clear that the enemy knew of our approach. Nevertheless, we steamed on.

Fat to the north, the Aleutians attack force was having its troubles, too. Our fliers and planes were not well prepared for the cold and fog there. Their engines were failing, and little damage was done by bombing in thick fog.

All the signs were ominous. But we were so drunk on victories in the opening battles of the war, that we sadly misjudged the danger. The next day, we were in the attack zone.

Before dawn on June 5th, from over 200 miles northwest of Midway, our first air attack wave was launched from Admiral Nagumo's carriers. Excitement was in the air, aboard the Kaga.

Loudspeakers barked: "Aviators assemble for the strike!" And soon after, "Launching stations, ready? Start engines!" Shattering uproar bellowed on the flight deck, and livid streaks of engine exhausts flamed in the darkness.

Launching lights illuminated the deck. "Commence launching!" sounded from the bridge. The Air Officer swung his green signal lamp in a circle. One by one our Zero fighters roared forward, and leaped into the air. Cheers of crewmen echoed above the engines' roars. Then the dive bombers followed. Soon over 100 planes, from all the carriers, were in the air. Then the second wave planes moved into positions for launching.

Somewhere, I was worried, despite the general excitement. We were dangerously near Midway, and with hardly more than a dozen planes left to guard the carrier force.

Fully alerted American defense planes met our planes over the Midway islands. A fierce air battle exploded as our dive bombers dove in to hit installations on Sand Island and Eastern Island. We lost four bombers and two fighters, while little effective bomb damage was done. Our second wave results were much the same.

On board Kaga, about 0500, the alarm bugle suddenly sounded "Air raid!" Our remaining fighters quickly raced out to intercept. Reports flashed through my Communications Center, confused and uncertain. Enemy planes here, there, all about us. But we could see none.

At 0700 we saw them for the first time. Six came from one side, four from the other. They looked like torpedo planes. Our fighters wheeled to meet them. Our cruisers and destroyers opened up with racketing anti-aircraft fire.

Black bursts of explosions dotted the sky all around the onrushing American planes. Still they came on, hardly above the sea's surface. Our Zeros dove through our own anti-aircraft fire, guns blazing at the Americans. One by one, three of the torpedo planes spouted flame and smoke, and then crashed into the sea.

The others kept bravely on. Then they released their torpedoes. As the planes swung away we could plainly see their white star markings. They were B-26's. Only three got away. Not one torpedo hit its target as our ships turned and maneuvered to avoid them.

At 0850 our own planes returned. With furious speed our carrier crews labored to re-arm them. While this went on, I received word from Admiral Kondo's force that an enemy force of a carrier and cruisers and destroyers was approaching. We turned to meet it.

At 0930 we launched planes again, 50 Zero's sped to meet another American force of 15 torpedo bombers. We were too many for them. None of the American planes got through to our carriers. We watched one speck after another, high in the sky, spark into flame and plummet down, trailing black smoke.

On board, our men cheered and whistled madly as our planes scored. Then another group of six planes came in at us, charging in again and again through the anti-aircraft fire. The Americans were brave. Torpedoes streaked the water. But luck was with us. None struck.

Zero after Zero exhausted its ammunition, and returned to our decks to rearm. While service crews cheered our pilots, the planes were hastily re-armed and launched again and again. At 1020 it happened that most of our planes were on deck, readying to take off again. Bombs were carelessly stacked in piles near the planes. We seemed to be winning steadily.

SUDDENLY A LOOKOUT yelled "Dive bombers!" I looked up. Five black, fat-bellied planes were hurtling down at us. I recognized them at once—American Hell Divers.

As I looked, tiny black specks detached themselves from the planes. The specks grew larger. Bombs, coming right down on us!

I was standing on the flight deck, near the tower. Quickly I dove flat to the deck. The horrible scream of the dive bombers rose to a shriek. Then a crashing roar shook the Kaga. A bright flash glared, through the sleeve I held over my eyes. Then another blast—and another.

A gush of hot air washed over me. We were hit—hard! The barking of anti-aircraft guns began to be mixed with a rushing, roaring sound. We were afire!

I leaped to my feet. Horrified, I saw gaping holes in the flight deck, near the amidship elevator. The



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elevator was a twisted mass of metal, half drooped into the hangar. The deck plates were a crazy jumble of torn metal.

On deck, many planes were overturned, in flames. Some stood tilted on their wings, tails up. Orange flame and black smoke boiled up through them, belching out of their tails like chimneys.

I could see not far off, the Akagi and the Soryu. They too were aflame, with black smoke rolling from their decks. It seemed unbelievable. In seconds our invincible carrier force had become shattered wrecks. Tears welled to my eyes. It was a terrible scene.

On deck, and in the Ready Room, burned and mangled men writhed and groaned. Deep in the big carrier's vitals rending explosions shook her. As fire spread, the heaps of bombs and torpedoes began to explode, with shattering blasts. Spraying steel fragments ripped the bridge. The Kaga was an inferno, with scorched, blackened men staggering about in helpless confusion.

The Fire Control Officer, Lieutenant Fiyuma, came to the bridge. There I was awaiting orders, near Captain Okada. The captain stood and stared, half-dazed, like a man in a dream.

Fiyuma reported that all passages below were afire. Most of the crew were trapped, burning inside the ship. We had to go to the anchor deck quickly, if we wished to escape. The carrier was beginning to list ominously.

Crewmen were laboring valiantly to try to stop the enormous fires—in vain. All power was off. Many men were torn to pieces by the repeated explosions. Surgeons worked like automatons on endless lines of torn bodies. As fire-laden air erupted from the ship, many men collapsed with suffocation.

I spoke to Captain Okada, trying to rouse him from his stupefied reverie. It was now near midday. Our escort destroyers, Higakaze and Makaze, could take off survivors. Unless we abandoned ship soon she would take us all down with her.

The Captain shook his head vaguely. "I will remain with my ship," he said. More planes were coming in. I went to the Ready Room, to try again to contact the men below in the Engine Rooms.

While I was below, other bombers struck the Kaga. Where they came from, I do not know. When I rushed back to the bridge—there was no bridge. A direct hit had smashed the ship's nerve center. Captain Okada and Fiyuma were dead. My good friend Musumi was dead, too. Commander Amagai, the Air Officer, as senior surviving officer, had assumed command.

About an hour later the Kaga was a blackened hulk, half-tipped over. Then, to add to our misery, someone shouted "Torpedo!" A submarine had loosed a torpedo at us. Holding my breath, I prayed as

the deadly tin fish came at us, leaving a white wake behind as it approached. It struck. But by some miracle it did not explode. A dud! It broke in half. Some of our men, swimming nearby, after being blown overboard, swam to the floating section of the torpedo. Ironically, the deadly weapon served them as a life raft.

Finally, at 1600, Commander Amagai ordered "Abandon ship!" We began to send men down ropes to our waiting destroyers. The Kaga was a vast funeral pyre. Over 800 men, nearly one-third of her crew, were dead.

We watched with tears in our eyes as our proud Kaga settled deeper and deeper. Boiling smoke and pillars of fire shrouded our beloved ship. At 1800 she seemed to leap in the water as two terrific explosions shook her. Then, still stately in death, she sank forever beneath the waves.

Not far away, Soryu and Akagi went down, too, with black pillars of smoke marking their graves. We turned to follow Hiryu, the only carrier left of our great Striking Force. It was June 6th, a fateful day for Nippon.

Planes from the last carrier reported dire news. The American fleet was closing in for the kill. In it were no less than three carriers—Hornet, Enterprise, and Yorktown.

Huddled aboard the crowded destroyer Hagikaze, we looked at each other in silent wonder. But Admiral Yamaguchi, on the Hiryu, chose to go on fighting. The Hiryu's planes rose to launch another attack. Weak and exhausted as we were, we survivors of Kaga cheered as the Zeroes zoomed over us, bound to engage the enemy.

An hour later the planes returned—half of them. They had hit the Yorktown. But while they were gone the sky was full of American planes, attacking the Hiryu and our destroyers. Surely a hundred planes attacked the last of our carriers.

At 1700, torpedo bombers, hidden in the glare of the setting sun, got through the curtain of anti-aircraft fire of all our ships. Thirteen planes hit the gallant Hiryu. Others hit the battleship Hornet and cruiser Tone. As darkness fell, Hiryu was a blazing hulk. Her last planes had no haven when they returned. We were defeated, indeed.

So, as night mercifully hid us, our shattered fleet turned for home. The Hiryu was scuttled by torpedoes from our own destroyers. The long, harried retreat west began.

But we were not yet finished. At dawn, as American planes hovered on the horizon, we turned for a last blow at our invisible pursuers. We had only a few spotter planes and two light carriers to see for us. Of radar we knew nothing.

The rest is history, too. In a wild series of running battles, the next day, both sides lost more ships. One

of our submarines sank the carrier Yorktown and destroyer Hammann. Our cruisers Mogami and Mikuma and destroyer Arashio were crippled. We were harried and driven west, towards home and safety. Fortunately, foul weather hid our withdrawal.

On June 7th all contact with the enemy was broken. Hidden by fog and foul weather, our battered fleet limped for home.

So ended the dream of Japanese empire. The only small prizes we had won were two rocky islands in the Aleutians, Attu and Kiska, neither of which we would be able to hold. The peak of Japanese power had been reached, and passed. From this point forward the road of Nippon was ever downward, into the depths of slow, sure, and bitter defeat.

The catastrophe at Midway had been the turning of the tide—and deep in our hearts, we Japanese knew it. Thenceforth the fatal tide of war drove us inevitably on to final calamity and to the soul-tearing sorrow of capitulation.

It has been said that Midway was an American victory of intelligence. That is true. Not only did the Americans know our every move, but we dismally failed to locate the enemy forces. So it happened that a smaller American fleet destroyed our scattered groups piecemeal, one by one.

In truth, our worst error was caused by our vanity. We underestimated our adversaries, to our chagrin and pain. This was unforgivable, when we well knew the bravery, skill, and boldness of the Americans. We were blind with conceit and overweening confidence. Even so, had we had the secrecy and surprise we imagined, the outcome might have been different.

The final accounting, after the battle, told the full story of our defeat. We had lost four major aircraft carriers—Kaga, Akagi, Soryu, and Hiryu, and two cruisers—Mikuma and Mogami; plus damage to destroyers Asashio and Arashio, destroyer escort Tanikaze, transport Haruna, and oiler Akebono Maru; as well as about 325 planes and thousands of men.

The Americans had lost the carrier Yorktown and destroyer Hammann, plus over 140 planes. Compared to the loss of our four carriers, the backbone of the Japanese fleet, the American losses were small.

As for me, I was in the depths of despair as we plodded west. Never again was I to sail aboard a carrier. Staff and command officers who lose their ships do not get promotions. I was to spend the rest of the war at dull; stupid paperwork, ashore. For me, the days of battle glory were over for good.

But at least I can say this: When Japan fought the epic battle of Midway, in the bright noon of her glory, I was there, serving the Mikado and Dai Nippon.

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FRUIT FOR SALE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

Five hours later, we debarked in the city of light and discovered to our modified pleasure, that the next train north left at 1945 (that's 7:45 PM, in case you've forgotten). Six and three-quarter hours was too long for us to make a claim stand up that we didn't have a chance to make it, but it still left us SOME freedom in the renowned city.

We didn't have any carfare—yet—so we set out walking toward the Boulevard Cléchy. That's where we'd been told the "live" part of town was, and a "live" section was what we needed, right then. We didn't know our way very well, but passing GI's put us on the right track, whenever we strayed too far. It was only a little after two in the afternoon when we arrived.

Now that we were there, all we had to do was find a likely place to begin our prospecting for orange gold. And that wasn't quite as easy as it seems. Remember, we were complete strangers in that part of the world. It may be all very well for a fellow who has any knowledge at all about a burg, but for us—well, Paris was wonderful, but only by reputation. All the places looked alike. There were row on row of them, bars, clubs, cafes and saloons of every type and description. Which would give the best results? Damned if I could tell!

But if I was doubtful, Ben wasn't. You'd have thought he'd been in the fruit business all his life, and the black market nearly half of it which wasn't too far wrong. I'd seen Ben operate before.

He looked up and down the street, speculatively, then, making up his mind with a sudden determination, he pointed at a crummy looking corner joint diagonally across the street.

"That's it," he sings out. "We'll try there, first."

It almost seemed that luck was with us, that first try. The bartender spoke English. As we walked in we saw that the place was empty. That wasn't strange. It was a little early for drinking and besides, at two in the afternoon most characters, in the Army I mean, are working. Those who have drag enough to get off duty at that hour, usually have sense enough to hit a classier joint, anyway.

The barkeep pulls out a dirty rag, starts wiping away at his bar, puts on a smile that would have done credit to a professional MC and blurts out "Hello boys! Cognac?" Wine?"

Ben grunted right back as he eased himself up to the bar, kind of slowly. He hit the rail about three-quarters of the way down, between the barman and the front door. As the drinkmaster turned toward him, Ben crooked his finger,

leaned over the bar, confidential like, looked sideways, and waved the man to come closer.

The barkeep looked interested.

"Say bud," Ben began, "you interested in oranges?"

"Oranges?" The barkeep looked puzzled.

"Yeah," drawls out Ben. "Oranges. Real, honest-to-God oranges. Here look." He takes one out of his overcoat pocket and holds it up.

The barkeep looks at the fruit for a second and a big smile lights up his face. He reaches out to take the nice round offering.

"Why thanks, boys. Merci. Thanks very much. I haven't seen one of these in a long time. Thanks." He begins peeling it, slowly. "Have one on the house, all of you." He takes out three shot glasses and carefully pours us each some cognac.

Phil nudges me hard. He's grinning almost as much as the barkeep. "We're in," he whispers in loud sotto voce that might have been heard three blocks away.

Ben turned around and looked at Phil coldly. "Ssh," he said.

Phil shut up and sipped at his drink. I said nothing, but watched attentively.

Ben didn't hurry. He drank slowly, rolling the clean, brown, tasty liquor around his mouth before swallowing. He said nothing at all during this interval. The barkeep kept watching him, the smile still on his face, as he stuffed the orange sections into his mouth.

Finally Ben finished the brandy. "Good cognac," he announced with appreciation.

"Ah, say nothing," interrupts the barkeep. "It was my pleasure. Thank you for the orange."

"You like, hub?" says Ben. "How'd you like some more?"

The barkeep shrugs his shoulders and spreads his hands. "Alas, a man is only human. I should like them fine, but still . . . how many times can I give drinks for fruit. I must make a living, you understand. To indulge myself is very pleasant, but hardly profitable."

"Profitable," repeats Ben. "Now we're coming to it. We're interested in a profit, too. We've given you a sample, so you know they're good. How would you like to buy a couple of dozen oranges . . . cheap?"

"And what would I do with them?" asks the bartender.

"Why resell them, at a profit," says Ben.

"Alas, my friends, you do not understand. I am not a fruit-seller."

"You don't get it, friend," Ben answers. "Of course you're not a fruit-seller. Nobody said you were. But you could still make a handy profit on them. Oranges aren't that easy to come by, these days, you know."

"It is but too true," replies the barkeep, "but non. Merci, merci beaucoup, but no. I think not, today. You boys want to buy a drink?"

Ben argued with him for twenty minutes. No soap. The old boy just couldn't see it. Conversation, he'd buy, but not oranges. He was interested in getting hold of our money, not giving up any of his. After a bit, when he realized that we weren't buying his likker, that we couldn't, even if we wanted to, he even turned a little nasty. I guess he felt he'd wasted enough time on non-paying customers. At last, he just turned away, took out a newspaper, and began reading.

We came to the reluctant conclusion that he wasn't interested in our proposition.

Damn it, we tried. The Lord knows we tried. For three solid hours we wandered up and down the street, attempting to peddle our supplies. One drink, we could get, occasionally. Phil and I talked our way into something else, in exchange for oranges . . . but we won't talk about that. Still, when it came to cash money on the barrelhead, it was no go, at all.

We began to go slightly nuts with disappointment. Even Phil, sad, reluctant Phil, came to the point of agreeing to cutting our asking price. When it became obvious that we wouldn't come anywhere near a hundred francs per orange, we started asking fifty, then twenty-five, then ten, and finally even five francs. At five, the stuff was cheaper than the official ration price . . . when there was any to be rationed.

Paris was willing to eat our offerings, occasionally even trade for them. But when it came to dishing out money, the poor people of Paris said "no," positively and absolutely no.

Outside the Red Cross Club, Phil managed to trade a half dozen of our prizes for a packet of pictures. He was all up in the air about that, figuring HE'D made a strike. But later, when he opened the package, he found that he was the possessor of some two dozen intimate views of Notre Dame Cathedral.

It was a long and dreary ride, back north. We hoped the train might break down, or something, but it didn't. And sure enough, there was an officer to meet us at the station who "kindly" set us aboard proper transportation back to our own little foxholes. Sad!

I didn't see Ben or Phil again for quite a while. But actually, I didn't come off too badly, at that. I'd had a first rate furlough. All in all, including travel time, processing time and free time, I'd been away from my happy combat platoon for almost three weeks. I'd had a helluva good time for my money—and I managed to make back a good part of it . . . selling fresh oranges to the guys in my company. Two dozen oranges at a hundred francs apiece is nice change!

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Rear Admiral Shibusaki, the island's commander, had boasted: "A million men cannot take Betio by assault, in a hundred years."

One division of United States Marines took it by assault in three days, despite his boast. But they paid a fearful price for the barren strip of sunbaked coral sand. They paid in dead and maimed young Americans for mistakes and inadequacies of planning, organization, equipment, and supply. But they learned for all other Americans the hard lessons that were to lead to victory.

Enemy patrol planes had spotted the convoys converging on Tarawa, and the defenders were alert and ready when the preliminary bombardment began. For three days before the landings Yankee warships pounded the island intermittently with gunfire, and carrier-based bombers plastered the flat, sandy surface of Betio. It seemed enough to pulverize the defenses; it only seemed enough!

Lesson number one was learned—when the invaders found most of the fortifications intact, on landing. It needed days, not hours, of bombardment to silence shore defenses. They had to be pulverized, not merely damaged, in order to put them out of action.

In the blackness of the night of November 21st the troop transports anchored off Betio's shore and lowered their boats. Heavy-laden Marines piled into the landing craft. As dawn broke a red rocket flared over the low shadow that was Betio, and geysers of water erupted suddenly among the vulnerable troopers.

Lesson number two. The transports had drifted too close to the shore. Charts and maps had not been accurate enough, and the rendezvous spot had been planned too close to the enemy's guns. Now the loading of the assault force into their boats would have to go on under fire.

Luckily the Japanese gunners were not crack shots. Even so, smashing near-misses deluged the troop ships with cascading water and whistling shell splinters. Men began to topple. The assault had not yet begun.

American battleships, cruisers, and destroyers of Task Force 53 opened up with thunderous counter barrage, trying to silence the shore batteries. In vain. Two or three of the skillfully concealed shore guns were blown into a silent tangle of broken steel, concrete, and torn flesh. But the other guns on the beach kept firing, harassing and bloodying the troop carriers. Bewildered, the transports upped anchor and moved back out of range, landing boats bobbing along with

them. It was a very poor beginning, indeed.

Roaring naval fire and screaming carrier plane strafing covered the retreat of the vulnerable transports. First the warships' guns fired, and then the planes attacked. Navy guns fell silent while the planes bored in, in order not to hit their own planes. Worse yet, the planes were late in coming. In the intervals the enemy guns opened up at the troopers.

Lesson number three. Coordination of naval gunfire and airplane attacks was too uncertain. In later operations the big guns would not cease fire while the planes strafed the beach. The lulls were too costly for the ground troops, and the danger of hitting a friendly plane was too small to justify endangering the basic fighting force—the foot soldiers. Better radios were needed, too.

Meanwhile two mine sweepers, Pursuit and Requassa, boldly moved into the narrow entrance of Tarawa lagoon. Behind them, escorting destroyers Ringgold and Deshaw pushed into the lagoon to take up firing positions there. Taking hit after hit from close shore guns, they drove in and opened fire. Miraculously, they were not sunk.

Admiral Kingman, commanding the Navy's fire support group, said, "It seemed impossible for any human still to be alive on Betio." But the Japs were very much alive. The naval bombardment had silenced only a few guns. It had, however, completely broken up the island's surface network of telephone lines. Resultant paralysis of the defenders' communications was a big help to the invaders.

In full daylight, after the series of delays, the Marine amphitracks and landing boats came on towards Betio's north shore, towards the three chosen beaches, Red Beaches No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. As they reached the edge of the wide coral reef, Jap machine guns, mortars and small and large bore cannon opened up with a shattering roar. Waddling assault boats, slowed to a crawl by the jagged reef, began to shudder under hit after hit.

Then began in earnest the awful carnage that always will cling to the word *Tarawa*.

Only a few amphitracks could cross the razor-jagged reef. The first LCM's and LCVP's were stopped at the reef. The few dozen men in the tracked vehicles took shelter on the narrow beach, behind a crude seawall of logs. Most of the boats were stopped at the reef edge, 700 yards from shore. Lines of men, holding their guns high above the lapping waves, began wading painfully toward the beach, as mortar bursts and machine gun fire frothed the water around them.

On the jutting 500 yard Burns-Phillips Company pier, Lt. William Hawkins and one platoon of scout snipers landed first. In a brief blaze of duelling fire they silenced a Jap machine gun there. Then, under constant fire from the shore, this handful of Marines lent the only direct support to the wading lines, with their few rifles and BAR's. From out at sea, Navy guns fired at area targets on the island, with small effect.

Straight across the reef came most of the heavy-burdened men, moving at a snail's pace. Many men, stepping into hidden potholes, drowned unseen, weighted down by weapons, grenades, and bandoliers of ammunition. Others, struck in the face, chest, or head by bullets, threshed feebly in the water before becoming limp and still in death. Red spots and patches appeared and drifted in the warm shallows. And the constant roar and crackle of gunfire echoed across the reef.

Here too was lesson number four. In the future far more amphitracks, amphibious tanks and other tracked landing vehicles would be used for landings. America values its sons too highly to send them wading into the face of machine guns on enemy beaches, when steel machines can carry and protect them.

As the lines of men were cut down on Tarawa's reefs, and the assault became a slaughter of helpless infantrymen, the order came to land more men. Until darkness came to protect them, or until the enemy guns could be silenced, the men who reached the shore were on their own. Isolated, they dug foxholes "with their stomach muscles," while Jap machine gun fire raged over them.

Men in the boats beyond the reef wept in rage and pity as they stared across the reddened waters dotted with bodies of their friends and buddies. Some men screamed and yelled with frustration and bitterness as they saw their buddies, in plain sight, cowering on the narrow beach, unable to move, while mortar bursts killed and tore one after another.

Dotted across the terrible reefs were burning hulks of wrecked amphibious tractors and shattered boats. Smashed LVT's and floating bodies tossed and rocked slowly under a pall of drifting smoke.

Remnants of the lead battalions of the 8th and 2nd Marines, survivors of the assault waves, gathered into makeshift lines on the steel-torn beach. Non-coms, privates, and the few officers left alive formed into scratch squads and set up a desperate little firing line with their backs to the sea. None needed to be told what their fate would be, if they didn't crawl forward and grasp at least some little ground for a beachhead.

Bravery born of desperation added to the natural gallantry of the traditionally brave leathernecks.

The words of one unknown non-com on that fiery beach, roared above the bedlam of furious uproar, spoke for all the men there:

"Move up! Goddamit, move up! We stay here and die, or move up and die. Let's move up and kill some of the bastards anyhow!"

In the teeth of a storm of flying bullets, the gyrenes began to move slowly forward. Little spearheads of men crawled up, infiltrating the Japanese pill box and gun pit positions. The thud of grenades and deeper banging roar of BAR's began to sound above the steady, shrill hammer of Jap weapons.

Colonel David Shoup, the division D-3 (Operations Officer) and newly appointed C.O. of the 2nd Marines R.C.T., had waded ashore with the assault waves. He took command. Knowing the island terrain, from having helped plan the invasion, he coordinated the incredibly brave attackers. Under his direction, runners, wire and communications quickly spread across the beach. Then the scant hundreds of Marines began to attack the thousands of defenders with deadly coordinated effectiveness.

Calls for air strikes went unanswered. Finally one strike was delivered, only to hit the remnants of K Company. Profane Marine messengers then told the air message center to keep its "f--- planes" away. No further air strikes were used.

There was another lesson—number five. A far better system of air support communication and control would be evolved after this sour experience. Otherwise American air superiority would be wasted.

Late in the day a few tanks were brought to the reef edge. Men on foot guided them across the reef, with the inevitable results. Guides were killed one after another, by the raging machine guns ashore. One tank after another sank futilely into deep potholes.

A half a dozen tanks did get ashore. They did good service. For the first time these were not lights, armed with inadequate 37mm, turret guns. Still they wasted much effort trying to flank pillboxes, thus exposing their less heavily armored sides and bellies to direct cannon fire. They beat off one Japanese tank-supported counterattack, stopping the small Jap tanks cold.

Lesson number six. Henceforth only medium tanks, Shermans armed with 75's and flame-throwers, would go in with assault landings, right onto the beaches. Then they would attack head-on, their thick frontal armor and big guns bulldogging a way for the foot troops. In turn the ground troops would guard their sides.

All these lessons were being paid for, on Tarawa. Paid for in blood, sweat, agony and death of valiant Marines.

At evening of the first day the Red 2 beachhead was only some 300 yards long. Survivors of four bat-



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tered battalions held a perimeter line hardly more than 50 yards deep in most spots. On Red 1, only a few isolated men stubbornly held another tiny foothold. There, the company commander of F Company had a total force of 47 men, six from F Company, 16 from E Company, 10 from C Company, and 15 from H Company. That was what was left of those companies.

Night was bright as day on Betio. Gasoline supply and ammo dumps were burning all over the island. Moonlight, leaping flames and the glare of muzzle blasts illuminated the shore brightly. All night long, cannon and mortars bellowed across the low, sandy strip of land. Streams of orange-red machine gun bullets laced in intricate patterns across the sands.

Amazingly, the Japanese did not emerge from their underground fortresses. Had they done so, they might easily have swept over the pathetic little groups of Marines in the ragged perimeter line. So, instead, all night long men and supplies streamed painfully ashore, heedless of the constant gauntlet of fire. The Marines took their losses, filled the gaps, and kept coming in.

Dawn of the second day had a different feel. Tarawa was terrifying. Losses had been chilling. Tired, thirsty, haggard men knew that this was "a bad one." They knew that many more gyrenes would fall here. But they knew, too, that Tarawa would not defeat them. Cost them—yes! Beat them—no!

Two battalions of the 6th Marines came in at dawn of D + 1. They were to deliver the knockout blow for which the assault waves of the 2nd and 8th had set the scene. The third battalion of the 6th went across the lagoon to Buariki Island.

That move to Buariki was eloquently characteristic of the spirit of the United States Marines. The move was aimed to cut off the escape of the Japanese. With a mere handful of Marines attacking thousands of entrenched enemy, another handful swung around to cut off possible escape by the vastly greater enemy force. Such sublime self-assurance, even on the brink of disaster, is breath-taking. They were the "best damn fighting men in the world," and they knew it, without any doubts.

Now the leathernecks in the two little beachheads were ready to go. They were hungry. Only one day's combat rations had been carried along. But they had fresh, tough, vengeful companies now, at full strength. They had some tanks, both light and mediums. They had some pack artillery for close support, a battalion of 10th Marines artillery. They had satchel charges for the blockhouses, and mortars to keep the enemy down.

"Okay," said Sergeant Jim Nelson, "now we can fix the little louses right. Shove the satchel charges down their throats."

This was close-in, face-to-face combat. The kind the Marines consider to be their specialty. Creeping and crawling. Savage blasting of pill boxes. Murderous spurts of BAR and rifle fire. Brutal melees with gun butts, knives, and shovel edges.

Slowly, but with deadly sureness and creeping steadiness, the perimeter line moved ahead. One by one the pillboxes were battered by the tanks. Seared by the flame-throwers, split and shattered by satchel charges, raked and ripped by bursts of gunfire and then left behind as smouldering, reeking pits full of dead Japs. Nightfall of D + 2 found the Marines in full possession of a strip clear across the narrow island. The defenders were being crowded into pockets. There they could surrender or die, as they chose. They chose to die. It was a rarity for any Jap to surrender.

Just after dark the long-expected enemy counterattack came at last—a banzai charge in the old samurai style—waves of screaming fanatics waving swords, knives, bayonets, and grenades. B Company of the 6th Marines took the main shock. BAR's and machine guns decimated the on-coming lines. Even so, the charge did reach the first foxholes. There in a wild, swirling melee of knives, rifle butts, swords, and shovel edges, gasping, hysterical men beat and stabbed each other to death.

One Jap got clear to the company commander's foxhole. The C.O., Lt. Norman Thomas, beat out the Jap's brains with the butt of his empty "45."

The Japs died, every last one. More and more waves came on, in howling hysteria, only to be cut down and butchered by the glaring-eyed Marines. Morning of D + 3 dawned over a horrid scene of over 450 sprawled, bloody bodies. Among the heaps of dead sat gaunt, hollow-eyed spectres, young-old Marines with the stare of battle shock in their sunken eyes, their lips cracked and parched with dried blood.

But they had won. Not a single Jap had broken through the thin groups of tough, efficient Marines. The Japs had thrown their worst, their hardest blow, and it had not been enough. The gyrenes might well feel weary, but they had earned their rest. Young and old, alike, veteran or rawest recruit, the Marines had landed and had the situation well in hand.

It really was over that third morning. The Japs were through. More men would die in the mopping up, but the outcome was certain. In their underground pits and pillboxes, the Nipponese soldiers began the mad ritual of *hari-kiri*—formal, religious suicide, with grenades clutched to chests, bullets fired into their own mouths or brains, or samurai swords thrust into their own bellies.

On Buariki some 150 Japs were

found by the 2nd Battalion of the 6th Marines, and were methodically butchered, at a cost of 32 Marines killed and 60 wounded. Apamama Atoll, some 76 miles south of Tarawa, was taken in two days by two platoons of V Amphibious Corps Recon Company, carried there by the submarine Nautilus.

Meanwhile, the other major island of the Gilbert Group, Burtrint of the Makin Atoll, was taken easily by the Army's 27th Infantry Division, against relatively light resistance. In less than a week's fighting the Americans had seized the Gilbert Archipelago.

Bloody Tarawa will not soon be forgotten by the United States Marine Corps. They paid a high price for its few hundred acres of bare sand and coral. General Holland Smith, veteran Marine commander, later said that it was not worth the price—that it should have been by-passed.

Still, it is easy to be wise after the event. Nobody had guessed what a bloody toll Tarawa would take. Admirals King, Nimitz, and Spruance, and Marine General Julian Smith, all agreed that the capture of Tarawa and Makin was a necessary prelude to the next advance to the Marshall Islands. Their airfields allowed land-based Army planes to attack the Marshalls heavily and soften them for invasion.

More important, the lessons learned at Tarawa were to change the entire character of American amphibious warfare doctrine. Every man who died at Tarawa saved the lives of many other Americans in later seaborne landings. Changes were made as a result of these costly lessons, in tactics, air support, communications, weapons, and equipment.

It may well be sickeningly unfortunate that these changes came too late for the men, the brave men, who died and suffered on Tarawa's bloody beaches, but it is also true, that before this awful battle, there was hardly a precedent for such a massive sea invasion. The lessons had to be learned somehow, and knowledge, expensive under any conditions, is doubly costly in times of war.

Bloody Tarawa was not in vain. The men who died there did not die in vain. They learned, with their agony, for all other Americans, what was needed to win through to final victory in the Pacific.

But most of all, Tarawa stands as an object lesson to any aggressor, present or potential, that America can fight. It showed, as nothing else could ever show better, the tremendously indomitable will of the average American citizen. These Marines, the vast bulk of them, were the volunteers, the citizens of their country, up in arms to defend the way of life in which they firmly believe. They have done it before, and, if necessary, they will do it again.



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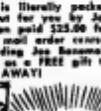


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I WAS A "MEDIC"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

those letters didn't mention the razing by the other guys in my company, nor the hawling out from the platoon non-coms.

It was a real relief, finally, when the 394th detailed me to the medics. After that, life was a lot easier, at least physically. Instead of lectures on weapons and tactics, we were taught first aid and other things which were easy and natural for me.

Most of the men in the 324th Medical Battalion, to which my transfer had taken me, were more like me than the fellows in the rifle companies. Many had been called "f---ups" in line outfits, and had been dumped in the medics. But many were well-educated men, not strong enough for combat duty. And quite a few were men with some medical or hospital background. A few were "conshies" (conscientious objectors) who refused to kill anyone, for religious reasons.

Among some of my best friends in Medic Battalion were Howard Conrad, Larry Ridgeway, and Loren Smook. They, and a lot of other guys in my unit, were killed in action, in Europe. They were good guys, every one of them. Being a medic was no soft job, we found out. Anyhow, most of my training time was with the Medic Battalion, but my combat service was mostly with regimental medic detachments. Being with the medics brought me right back into the firing line again, after all.

IN AUGUST 1943 we left the muddy, miserable tarpaper barracks of Camp Van Dorn, and started on maneuvers. Then we moved to Camp Maxey, Texas. That was heaven compared with Van Dorn—the original "a... hole of the earth."

It was not until mid-1944 that the Division was sent overseas. For a while it looked like we'd never leave the states—which didn't make me mad at all. But in September we finally moved to Camp Miles Standish, near Boston, Mass. Then we boarded troopships for England.

England was fascinating to me, who never had been out of the United States. But pretty soon we moved again—to France, by way of Le Havre. The sight of the smashed and burned ruins there was enough to sober most of the men. We were getting close to the real thing.

We didn't know how close we really were. The Checkerboard Division was destined to have a relatively short battle history. But in its few months of combat, it got the complete works—including the full force of The Battle of The Bulge as a starter.

We drove convoy almost 300 miles across northern France and southern Belgium, to a town called Aubel, near Verviers, where headquarters was set up. The sight of burned-out tanks, wrecked guns, and old foxholes near the roads keyed us all up. It wouldn't be long now.

In the cold and mud of November we went into the line, taking over a long stretch of rather "quiet" front from the 9th Division and 5th Armored Division. In a miserable mess of mud, rain, snow and slush, we moved into an area of wooded hills and dense forests—the Ardennes Forest. It had begun.

It was on November 13th that my first combat job came along. Up to this time, the GIs with whom we served had treated me (and all medics) with a kind of good-natured contempt. Few GIs ever said anything nasty. But most of them didn't bother to conceal a rather contemptuous attitude towards the "soft" job of a medic.

Just the day before, one fellow, named Clark, had made a typical remark to me, that made me feel rotten. He had just come back from a patrol, and saw me sitting next to a fire, trying to keep warm. He was cold, wet and tired, but his remark stung.

"Wish I had a soft touch like you medics," he said as he passed by. "Leaf by a nice fire with the other medics boys, while the men go out on patrol."

That was all he said. But it was enough to make me feel lousy. Maybe I was too sensitive? Now I'd laugh it off and razz right back at him.

Next day, waiting just behind the forward line of foxholes, I heard a short, sharp burst of small arms fire. First, the quick "rr-rr-pp-p" of a German Schmeisser (burp gun). Then the deeper "bab-bab-bub-bub" of an American light machine gun.

Then, like an electric shock, for the first time in real earnest, the excited yell of a GI: "Medic! Medic! Man here is hit. Medic!"

I was closest, probably. Without thinking consciously about it, suddenly I was running forward, dashing from tree to tree, towards the fire. A burp gun ripped again, the Schmeisser opened up again. Another GI, his muddy face pale as wax, lay all crumpled up in the muddy bottom of the hole. His

Then I saw a GI, crouched in a double foxhole, waving anxiously at me. I dove into the hole as the Schmeisser opened up again. Another GI, his muddy face pale as wax, lay all crumpled up in the muddy bottom of the hole. His

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shoulder was soaked with bright red, oozing blood.

Automatically, I cut his clothing clear at the shoulder, and found the wound—a jagged, gaping hole in his shoulder. Blood was pumping out in regular spurts. A severed artery, for sure. He'd last only a few minutes, unless I could stop the loss of blood. He already was too far gone to know what was happening.

I pushed my left hand under his shirt, and felt around in the warm, slimy blood for his chest pressure point. Pressed my thumb down hard. The pumping out of the open wound stopped. I had it right. My hand was warm and wet with his blood—a repulsive feeling. But I held it tightly pressed down.

The other soldier in the big foxhole was standing up, his muddy combat boots pushed against my leg. He was firing at something—whang, whang. Empty cartridge cases, hot from the ejector, fell into the hole next to me. Crashing mortar bursts shook the sides of the wet foxhole.

With my free hand I tore open my kit and got out a bottle of plasma. How I ever managed to tie up that shoulder wound and get plasma flowing into his arm, I'll never know.

When it was done, I pulled at the trouser leg of the standing soldier. "Got to get this guy back to Battalion Aid Station," I gasped.

Somehow I crawled back out of the slimy foxhole. Somehow the other dogface hoisted his wounded buddy up and out. Somehow I dragged and carried the limp, heavy weight back, with bullets snapping and snarling all around me.

Back a little way, helping hands of other medics took him off my back. How I managed it, I'll never know. He was a big man, much heavier than my scrawny 148 pounds.

But I'll never forget the queer, exhilarated feeling I had, when I finally stopped panting, to rest. A stretcher team was taking the wounded man back to the Aid Station. I felt exhausted, messy with mud and blood, but somehow wonderfully peaceful inside.

The final touch to that first combat job was almost poetic. It was such beautiful irony that I burst out into a gasping cackle of silent laughter.

The wounded GI was Clark! The same man who had humiliated me as a softy only the day before!

I lay there for a long while, gasping, trembling, and laughing. It was mild battle shock, probably. That first time under fire is something a man never forgets, and never really wants to remember.

They told me later that Clark would be alright. He was evacuated to a rear area hospital the next day. It had been a close call, they said. My help had saved his life.

Later, as such combat aid jobs became frequent and routine, the

nervous tenseness of the first one grew steadily less. It never quite disappeared. Saving someone's life never gets to be a dull job. Only experience tends to dull the shock of seeing men bleeding and torn, screaming in agony or writhing like stricken animals.

Sometimes I wished that I could cry like a woman, when some fine young fellow died trying to whisper a last, faint message to his mother, wife, or sweetheart. Many a last letter I wrote for a man. Many a heart-breaking little story I heard from men near death, clutching at my sleeve to finish some last duty or promise. That sort of thing clings to me even today.

IT WAS DECEMBER 1944, in the freezing snow, ice, and fog of the Ardennes, that the Germans' last great offensive came roaring out of the mists at us. For a while things had been rather quiet. Mostly cases of trench foot, frostbite, and pneumonia, with a few wound cases. Then, in one blazing outburst, all hell broke loose.

Opposite our lines the second rate kraut divisions suddenly changed to two crack panzer armies, fanatical Hitler Jugend, and war-wise infantry veterans. The 99th was pushing slowly forward through the Siegfried Line defenses when suddenly whole corps and armies of crack kraut troops attacked in full force. Everyone knows, today, what concentrated power the Germans threw into this last-gasp offensive. To us, it was a wild uproar of artillery barrages, tank attacks, and howling lines of Nazis.

That was a time when we medics worked day and night. Sleep and rest were something only remembered from long ago. We heard of the complete smashup of the 106th Infantry Division just to the south of us. We heard of the breakthrough on our right flank. All that seemed unreal. We had enough to do just to stay alive on our own front.

On our division's too-long (27 mile long) front, whole corps of krauts came smashing at us. We backed away slowly. Then held, piling the snowy hills with enemy dead and plenty of our own. They came at us almost 20 to one.

I was proud to wear the Checkerboard patch that dark December. It was the men of the 99th who held the north shoulder of the German breakthrough. Held it steady, with their bodies and their blood, until the Battered Bastards of the 101st Airborne, the 7th Armored, and the rest, had stopped the gap.

Curiously typical of the dogface soldiers' psychology was their reaction to one thing, mainly.

The Stars and Stripes, in its articles about The Bulge never mentioned the 99th though it held the key spot in that great battle. Our doggies wanted to know, "How come, dammit? Why? Why don't

they even mention us?"

Later, we learned why. All this time the 99th had been kept on the "Secret List" of Allied Headquarters. The krauts knew we were there. But some headquarters commandos kept us secret.

Our outfit piled up 4000 German dead in The Bulge. We lost hundreds of men, dead and wounded. I know, I saw and aided many a wounded man, and saw many a dead Yank. In fact, that's where I got my Purple Heart.

I was with the 1st Battalion of the 394th Infantry, when it won its Presidential Unit Citation near Eisenborn. I caught a mortar splinter in my side while carrying a litter with a wounded GI on it. Luckily the wound was only slight. The 3 points for the medal, though, saved me from possible redeployment to the Pacific, later.

After The Bulge, we moved steadily ahead, in a series of attacks. Through the Siegfried Line. The drive to the Rhine. The Remagen Bridgehead. We set up that bridgehead, though our men were not the first over the Ludendorff Bridge. Then the breakout, and the drive to Giessen. The surrounding and cut-up of the Ruhr Pocket. The final drive down into Bavaria, to the Danube and to the Isar.

My red cross-marked helmet (what a target those big white balls with red crosses were) bobbed along with the battered "tin hats" of the front-line troops, all the way.

It was near the Inn River, at Muhidorf, that our last fight took place. There I finished my last combat job. It was to save the life of a wounded Hungarian, that time. I didn't like the job, but I just couldn't let the bastard die.

That's how it is in the medics. What you think of the man you help doesn't matter. Your job is to help him—to save his life. If you lose yours in the process—that's part of the job.

Ask any combat veteran about us medics! He'll tell you. No GI sneers at the medics after his first day in combat. I don't have to apologize for the red cross armband and helmet markings.

Sometimes I wonder what ever happened to Clark, the fellow whose razzing got under my skin so! Never saw him again, nor heard from him. He was sent home.

I'd like to meet him again. Just to ask him:

"Do you still think it's a soft job being a medic?"

I know what he'd say, though:

"We line soldiers have to stick together. Riflemen or Combat Medic—it's all the same on the firing line."

I'm proud of being a dogface soldier, medic or gunner, and a veteran of the Checkerboard Division—a first class fighting division.

I WAS A MEDIC. And I'm proud of it! •••

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First, because I believe you are entitled to more than mere empty promises, let me tell you something about myself and the firm that makes this opportunity possible.

My name is Ned Mason, and my company is the Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., with factories in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin (sometimes called "Shoe City"). The company has been making fine shoes since 1904, so you can see this is no fly-by-night business, but one that has grown steadily for more than half a century.

Back in 1904, when my father, B. A. Mason, founded the present company, he had in mind more than the making of fine shoes alone. He realized that the ordinary shoe store with its small stock of shoes could never hope to offer customers all the styles in all the various combinations of sizes and widths they needed. People were misfitted more often than not—or they had to settle for a less desirable style.

So, B. A. Mason built the Mason Shoe Mfg. Co. on the idea of a complete *shoe fitting service*. It has been my privilege to carry on this idea, and its success may be measured by the fact that today, our warehouse stocks more than 250,000 pairs of shoes . . . a selection many times greater than the average shoe store's.

But there was even more to my Father's idea than that. He believed in *personalized service* . . . in letting the customer select his or her shoes in leisure, without pressure, right in his or her home. And this custom has continued through more than fifty years of growth. In fact, today the idea is far more popular than ever.

Down through the years, our Company developed many new discoveries. Some of these you may have read about in your newspaper, seen advertised in National magazines. But, always, these new discoveries were made available only through local Mason Shoe Counselors . . . because Mason Shoes are never sold by stores.

Everyone buys shoes. Most men buy 3 pairs a year, most women 4 pairs. And, because Mason Shoes are not sold in stores, folks must buy from their local Mason Shoe Counselor to get the many special features only Mason Shoes can give them. These features include the famous Velvet-eze Air Cushion Innersole that lets you "walk on air" . . . amazing "Sylflex" tanned leather shoes that laugh at wet weather, shed water like a duck, yet let feet "breathe" . . . new Shu-Lok shoe that fits as snugly as a lace shoe, yet has no fussy, troublesome laces (slips on, off foot with a finger flick) . . . and many more. In fact, from its modest beginning the Mason line has grown to include more than 195 shoe and jacket styles.

And, like my father before me, it has been my privilege to help others make extra money by giving qualified men—FREE—everything they need to start making easy extra cash immediately in spare time, just for showing friends, neighbors, folks where you work the many fine features of Mason shoes and jackets—and taking easy orders!

But first let me give you some examples of the kind of earnings you can expect if you qualify for this money-making opportunity.

J. Kelly, of New York, writes: "On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., earning myself

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\$93.55 in commissions." (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)

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I could go on and show you hundreds upon hundreds of such grateful letters from fellows like yourself whom it has been my good fortune to help start themselves in this profitable business. These letters are on file at our factory for all who care to read them.

But the important thing is this: I want to send you everything you need to start in this exciting business . . . the very same Outfit that helped these and thousands of other men start making such earnings possible . . . and I want to send it to you FREE—right now.

But because this outfit costs us a lot of money, I want to be sure first that you are really ambitious . . . really interested in a chance to make important money. So here's my offer, and I think you'll agree it's a good one for you:

Simply fill out and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. With it, enclose a brief letter telling me why you are qualified for this opportunity to make easy extra cash. (You'd want to know something about ME if you were making me this offer, so it is only natural that I want to know something about YOU.) Rush letter and coupon—I'll do the rest.

Yours for extra cash,

Mr. Ned Mason, 21 E. Grand
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MR. NED MASON

21 E. Grand
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Dept. 450

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THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

And all trapped behind that sand-bar.

Barclay, who was commander of the British forces on the Lake, knew the Yankee brigs could not cross that bar with their guns in, and could only do it without the weight of the artillery during smooth water. So he blockaded the mouth of the harbor, waiting.

On the 2nd of August, 1813, for some unaccountable reason, Barclay's ships disappeared, and Perry wasted no time in speeding his fleet away. On the 4th the *Lawrence* was towed to the bar, her guns landed on the beach, and through an involved process of sinking scows alongside, was hoisted two feet clear — which wasn't enough. The whole job had to be done anew. This time they succeeded, and the *Lawrence* was over the bar. The guns were immediately re-installed.

Just as the ship passed the bar at 8 A.M. on the 5th, the enemy reappeared. But their ruse had failed through, and they had not counted on the action of Perry.

A few shots were exchanged, and the enemy drew off, for the landmasses conflicted with good positioning.

Then the *Niagara* crossed without difficulty.

Even though frighteningly undermanned, Perry set out after the fleeing English ships. He had estimated that seven hundred and forty men and officers were needed to man his ships adequately, but he did not hesitate to put out to sea with a total force of merely four hundred and ninety.

Of these, a hundred were soldiers sent him only nine days before he sailed, and most of them on deck for the first time in their lives.

Chauncey was so busy on Lake Ontario, busy with his own affairs, that he was not likely to give Perry any more men, better soldiers or sailors, than could be spared.

Perry in fact sent a note of protest which said: "The men that came . . . are a motley set, blacks, soldiers, and boys. I cannot think you saw them after they were selected."

To which Chauncey replied warningly, "As you have assured the Secretary that you should conceive yourself equal or superior to the enemy, with a force of men so much less than I had deemed necessary, there will be a great deal expected from you by your country, and I trust they will not be disappointed in the high expectations formed of your gallantry and judgment."

Perry's temper flared at this obvious slap in the face. He had wanted to chase the enemy, and had applied to his superior for more men. He had been refused, and impulsively asked to be relieved of

his command, expressing his grievances in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy:

"I cannot serve under an officer who has been so totally regardless of my feelings . . . The critical state of General Harrison was such that I took upon myself the responsibility of going out with the few young officers you had been pleased to send me, with the few seamen I had, and as many volunteers as I could muster from the militia. I did not shrink from this responsibility but, Sir, at that very moment I surely did not anticipate the receipt of a letter in every line of which is an insult."

Fortunately, Perry's transfer could not be granted then, and he received a mild rebuke from the Secretary. Even in the face of such abandon and complacency on the part of his superiors, Perry floated his ships out of the harbor, and engaged the enemy briefly as described.

But Barclay, the English commander, retreated, taking his fleet to Amherstberg, waiting for a powerful new ship named the *Detroit*. He had to spar for time till that new, magnificent fighting machine was with him.

While Barclay stalled, the American vessels anchored off Erie and put aboard stores. With such a light complement of men to man and fight his ships, Perry was overjoyed to hear that finally he was to get more hands.

Commander Jesse D. Elliott was hastening to join him.

When he arrived, Elliott became second in command to Perry, and assumed charge of the *Niagara*. Perry now felt that he was ready.

For almost a month, then, the American flag flew undisturbed as the Yankees maintained control of the Lake region.

But Barclay was having his troubles also. Food was more than scarce in the Amherstberg region, and finally, desperate, at sunrise of the 10th of September, 1813, a sailor at the masthead of the *Lawrence* sighted the British squadron steering across the Lake with a fair wind, and ready to give battle.

Perry instantly sent his crews to quarters and trimmed sail to quit the bay and form his line in open water.

Chauncey had warned him not to get in close to the enemy, to stand off and exchange shot with them, but under no circumstances to lose any ships. The cautious, timid nature and naval policies of the Commodore were evident.

But the fiery Perry believed the opposite. In the final council held in his cabin, Perry told his captains to get in close alongside. Perry's decision to give and take punishment, no

matter if it lost him a ship or two, was sound, as it turned out, and had he followed Chauncey's weak-water instructions, the battle would have been easily lost.

For the accounts of armament, crews, tonnage vary with the many reports of the battle. Most reports scrupulously hide the fact that the American guns were heavier, and say that Barclay had 35 long guns to Perry's 15 and possessed greatly the advantage in action at a distance. Which isn't true. They were almost evenly matched, for the crews were both "scratch" crews, and the American guns weighed more than the English, which made up for the extra number of British cannonades.

Nonetheless, the battle was a bloody one, for grape, round, canister or chain shot were all used, with the singular horror each one can inflict. It was to be a close battle, and one that was nearly lost.

At 11:45 the British Detroit opened the action by a shot from her long 24, which fell short. At 11:50 she fired a second, which went crashing through the Lawrence, killing ten men at once.

Shortly thereafter, the action began all along the line, with Perry's ship the Lawrence undergoing terrible bombardment. The Lawrence bore down on the enemy steadily, with Perry hard-handed and cold-eyed, watching steadily for any shifting of the wind, and sudden movement of the English squadron.

It took her twenty minutes to get within good cannonade range, while the English Chippewa and Detroit, bearing 123 pounds each, smashed her mercilessly.

The rigging shattered and ripped, falling with brutal suddenness on the heads of the gunners. The ship began to list badly as shot after shot was sent into her hull.

A ripping, whistling cannonfull of chain shot sailed across the space between the two ships, and wound itself in the masting, snapping and sending bits of metal, links, wood splinters careening off the deck and bulkheads. Men fell everywhere, to be dragged to the side, with their skulls split by metal, their arms nearly ripped loose by screaming shards of wood.

But abruptly, danger in the form of failure by Elliott on the Niagara to handle his opponent, the Queen Charlotte, threatened the badly suffering Lawrence.

Elliott seemed to be remembering Chauncey's mild words to stay out of range, and would not bring the heavy Niagara in close. As Elliott stood off—almost as a spectator to the horrible shelling the Lawrence was receiving—the Queen Charlotte took up a position near the Detroit, where her guns could deliver broadsides that shortly reduced the flagship to a mass of wreckage.

In his own defense Elliott later stated that lack of wind had prevented him from drawing ahead to

engage and divert the Queen Charlotte and that he had been instructed to hold a certain position in the line of battle.

But the facts cannot be denied: he dropped astern and for two hours remained nothing more than an observer in a desperate action in which his ship was sorely needed. Had he moved in as he was needed, the Lawrence would not have had to strike her colors and surrender to the enemy.

However, had he moved in, the Battle would never have had its most dramatic moment when Perry was compelled to shift his pennant from the listing, burning hulk of the Lawrence and from the quarter-deck of the Niagara, rally his ships, snatching triumph from the very jaws of death and disaster.

Even as the rigging and masts crashed behind him, the flames reaching up to eat away the shot-riddled sailcloth, the intense Perry swore he would not strike the day to the enemy. He hauled pennant, even as the last gun that could fire exploded from an overload of cannoneade, killing its gunners and sighters.

More than half the ship's company had been killed or wounded—eighty-three men out of one hundred and forty-two.

Impossible to either steer or control the Lawrence—the ship drifting helpless as a scow—Perry cried for a boat to be put out. As soon as he had been transferred to the Niagara, ready and fit to fight, the remaining men on the Lawrence hauled down their flag in token of surrender . . . for there was nothing else to do.

The air was thick with cannon smoke, and the water was littered with the wreckage of the American ship. The wounded and dead lay where they had fallen, those conscious praying for a miracle to deliver them from this debacle.

As soon as he jumped on deck, Perry took command of the Niagara, sending the cowardly Elliott off to bring up the rearmost schooners.

Now there was no hesitation. Now there was no lagging.

With topgallant sails sheeted home, the Niagara bore down on the Detroit, driven by a freshening breeze.

How fearful that ship looked, sailing into the very teeth of the English guns, and Barclay, suddenly terrified at this Yankee madman who had left his ship in order to fight again, tried to avoid being raked by American broadsides from the Niagara.

In trying to turn away, the English flagship collided and fouled her consort, the Queen Charlotte.

And there they stayed locked, while the American fire pounded them bit by bit into the fresh water of the Lake.

Eventually they wrung free, but it was too late. The odds were now hopeless.

The officer who finally had to signal the surrender of the Detroit said this of the ship: "The ship lying completely unmanageable, every brace cut away, the mizzen-topmast and gaff down, all the other masts badly wounded, not a stay left forward, hull shattered very much, a number of guns disabled, and the enemy's squadron raking both ships ahead and astern, none of our own in a position to support us, I was under the painful necessity of answering the enemy to say we had struck, the Queen Charlotte having previously done so."

Barclay had been twice wounded, and had had to be carried below. The first lieutenant was mortally wounded. And in the moments of crisis, the ship was left in charge of a second lieutenant.

Shortly thereafter, the back of the English squadron having been broken, the death toll fantastically high for such a naval encounter, Perry sent his famous message.

"We met the enemy, and they are ours."

He sent it after one of the hardest-fought naval battles of the age. He had fought a battle with leadership that had employed makeshift vessels, odd lots of guns, and crews which included militia, sick men, boys and green, raw recruits.

Barclay had fought nobly and bravely also, but it was unfortunately his destiny to come to grips with a man of indomitable will, and unquestioned naval genius.

In spite of the inefficiency of his superiors, the obvious cowardice of his companion officer, and the staggering power of the English guns turned solely upon him and his ship, Perry came out of the bloody duel at Lake Erie, one of the greatest heroes the Yankee America had ever seen.

And what of his superior, the mild Commodore Chauncey who said, "stand off and don't engage them close"?

On Lake Ontario, Chauncey dragged his campaign through two seasons and then left the enemy in control.

Through Perry's forthright and audacious action, the entire Northwest was won back for the Americans, and the sound of grape-shot whistling through the air will be heard across Lake Erie for many years.

The bloody toe-to-toe duel on Lake Erie was fought by a kind of man who is now gone to us. The bloody-handed fighter who touched the black powder with spark, and watched the cannister shot sail through the hull of an enemy frigate.

We may lob shells at the enemy these days, from a distance of twenty miles, but Oliver Hazard Perry stands on the deck, staring into the battle smoke, and wondering how the button-pushers of today might have fared in the days of the sailing ship.



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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 23 he was earning \$400 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most famous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 13. Steven Dohanos, famous rover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt, was an oilman at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "Illustrator's Illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why don't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent...no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making

pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magazine home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color; Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "famous girl" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his correction of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most famous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Eric Ericson is a good example. He used to work in an auto parts department. Today, he is an Art Director at seven times the salary he was making when he enrolled.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he started his art studies. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Re-



ALBERT DORNE — one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

cently, he was signed to do a comic strip for a group of newspapers.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a gas company. Now he works for the same company in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kuznirowska was bored with an "ordinary" job when she enrolled. A few months later, she landed a job as fashion artist. A year after that, she was made assistant art director. Now, she does important fashion illustrations and gets lots of free-lance work, too.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs."

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art...if we can only find them."

Unique on-talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

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Harriet Kuznirowska

You Practice SERVICING with Kits I Send You



Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multimeter and use it to help make \$10, \$15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You



As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician



TELEVISION Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"I have progressed very rapidly. My present position is Studio Supervisor with KEDD Television, Wichita." —Elmer Freewald, Wichita, Kansas.

"Fix sets part time in my shop. Made about \$500 first three months of the year. Could have more but this is about all I can handle." —Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.

"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street." —Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ." —Bill Delsell, Central City, Nebraska.



BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter, Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.
Our 40th Year

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets
My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multimeter you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles; helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You
Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Call collect now to J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7CM4, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

AVAILABLE
to all qualified
VETERANS
UNDER G.I. BILLS

The ABC's of SERVICING
Job and Career Opportunities for RADIO-TV TECHNICIANS

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7CM4
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

VETS write in date
of discharge

Mail Today-Tested Way to Better Pay